THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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ELISE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

Elise, Elise,
I see you down by the tulip trees,
And it seems to me you are ill at ease,
Though you stand so statue-like.
Some may say you are only pondering
On the setting sun, and the gray clouds wandering,
As if your thoughts must take their rise
From things directly before your eyes!
But *I* think you are looking through and through
Trees and hills, and gray clouds too,
For your eyes are dusky with shadows dim,
Which only darken when thinking of him
Who has gone to seek the antipodes,
Or any place far from you, Elise,

Elise, Elise,
You hardly look as you looked that night
When he threw up his hands to shut you from sight,
As you flirted and waltzed at the ball.
Your dark hair back from your flushed face flinging,
And your merry heartless sweet laugh ringing,
While your gray eyes, flashing triumph, scorned
One who only stood apart and mourned.
So he left you that night, in a fierce despair,—
Now you are learning at last to care!
But he is gone beyond the seas,
And now he is out of your power, Elise.

Elise, Elise,
Motionless under the tulip shade,
With a classic twist in the heavy braid
Tightly drawn round your graceful head!
Your perfectly still and colorless face
Always turned toward the billowy space,
Past which that tropical country lies
Unreached by the anguish of your eyes;
The very look of your small white hand
So tightly clasped, I understand!
But who else cares for things like these?
He has learned to forget you now, Elise.

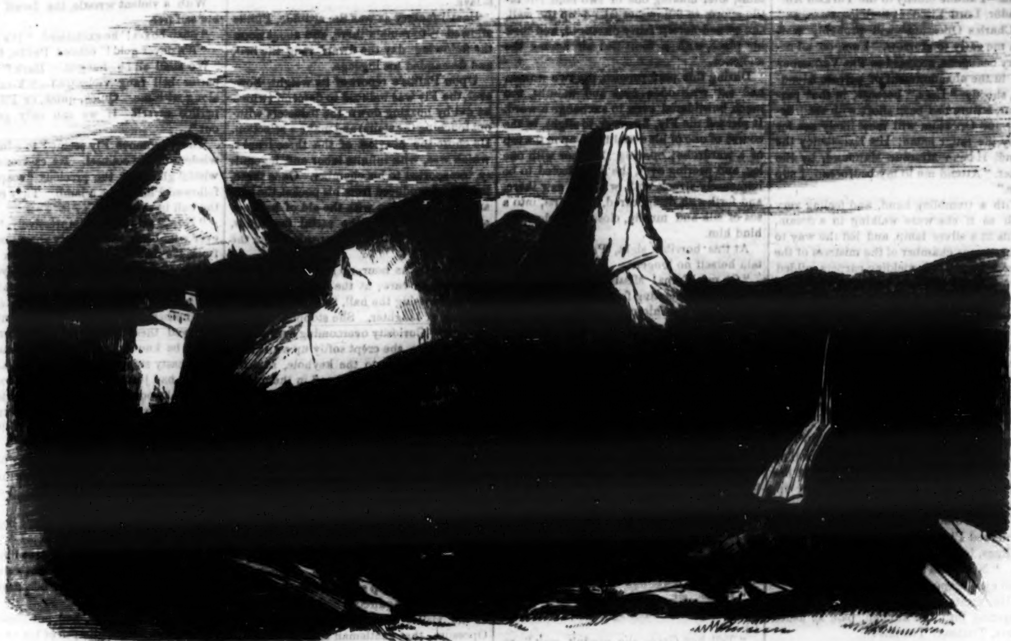
Elise, Elise,
I hear he is coming from over the seas
Next month, from the land of orange trees,
With a dark-haired, queenly Spanish bride!
What cares a tree for one faded leaf?
Men but seldom die of grief;—
They love, they suffer awhile, and then
Hearts are many, they love again.
So waiting Elise, you may turn your head,
No longer dream of him grieving or dead.
You were never sweeter nor dearer, Elise,
Than this Spanish bride from over the seas!

Elise, Elise,
I wonder now what you will do,—
What you will find in Life left for you,
When you have drank all its bitterness?
Perhaps you will wrap yourself up in pride
And chain the whole world of hearts to your side;
Perhaps go forth with stern, pale brow,
Weep with the sad, and win Heaven e'en now;
Perhaps grow stiller day by day,
And at last in the grave will hide away.
It may be one or be all of these—
There is woe each way, my poor Elise!

☞ If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with work as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

☞ A wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

☞ Satan is a subtle individual, but the army trader is a sutler



SCENE IN THE VALLEY OF THE YO-SEMITE, CALIFORNIA—THE UPPER FALLS OF THE MIDDLE FORK.

The beautiful scenery of the Yo-Semite valley, California, seems to captivate all who catch a glimpse of its picturesque and fascinating loveliness. Persons who have visited those noted places among the Alps, which furnish the grandest scenery to be beheld anywhere in Europe, freely acknowledge that this remarkable valley far surpasses anything which they have seen in that portion of the Old World. Bierstadt, the artist, after years spent in making Alpine color-studies, asserts that nowhere in Switzerland, nor indeed throughout all Europe, is there scenery whose grandeur can for one moment be held comparable with that of the Sierra Nevada in the Yo Semite district.

English tourists who had spent months among the Himmalias—I spell the word as it is pronounced by the Asiatic mountaineers themselves—say that neither they, Hindoo-Koosh, Dwahelaghiri, nor Mount Everett, exhibited any such features of rugged and abrupt sublimity as the peaks and precipices of the Yo-Semite. It is with pleasure that we turn from the pictures of war and desolation to present a fine view of a scene in this magnificent and picturesque portion of our great country. As one of a series of views of remarkable American scenery, we give this week "The Upper Falls of the Middle Fork." A visitor says:—

"The table-land through which the river rushes after its first great leap—the Nevada Falls—until it takes its final plunge over the Vernal fall, is the wildest and most desolate region one can imagine. It looks as if a hurricane had swept over it at no remote period. The mountain sides are verdureless and bare, and not a living thing, bird or beast, or sound, but of the cataract, greets the eye or ear of the adventurous tourist. All is silence and desolation. A few dwarfed manzanitas have found root among the rocks, and we saw occasional clusters of the Alpine rose and a few fine portulaccas, covered with fragrant yellow blossoms. The river is something fearful, as it dashes furiously along its rocky channel, whirling and eddying, and leaping in fierce fury. Around and below, on every side of us were giant cliffs, huge domes and great rugged rocks lifting their bare and weatherbeaten heads into the very sky. There was no sound of human life—no sign of human habitation anywhere. We seemed to be all alone in the world."

THE DWARF;

OR,

FOUND IN THE CHEST.

Mrs. Loveleigh Smyles was a very remarkable lady, and absent or present, the terror of her was unceasingly predominant in the household. She was a beautiful little woman, with large dark-gray eyes, and a perfectly transparent complexion. She had, further, a soft and silken manner, and purred sweetly when she talked. You longed to pat her. It would have been safer to touch a tiger! Tornadoes of passion lay slumbering beneath that gentle exterior.—Once aroused, she gave herself up, as it were, body and soul, to the demon of rage, hardly sensible, for the moment, of the excesses to which it hurried her. By nature, and through neglect of training, she was the incarnation of selfishness. The slightest personal neglect sufficed to awaken the most appalling gusts of passion, and, though intercourse with society had necessarily taught her some degree of self-government, among her dependents, these paroxysms had full sway.

Perfectly conscious of her failing, she had, early in life, fallen into the fatal error of regarding it as planted ineradicably in her disposition, and believed that the painful force she had sometimes to impose upon her rising passions in general society, must be compensated for by indulging them at other seasons, among those accustomed to submit. Hence, resorting to palliatives, she adopted a line of conduct, both before and after these ebullitions, which she flattered herself might meet the emergency, and, on feeling the approach of the fiend, would become so fearfully sweet and gentle, as to awaken the most lively apprehensions. A little present which, not unfrequently, accompanied this change, became, under the circumstances, as ominous an offering as the bowstring politely handed to an offending pacha.

When engaging her domestics, Mrs. Loveleigh Smyles sweetly and candidly told them what they had to expect.

"I am a passionate, wicked little wretch," she would murmur, in her low, pleasant voice. "Be very sorry for me. It is the bitter in my cup of life. But I must be resigned, so must you," (with one of her bewitching smiles), "and, as I do so hate changing my servants, and your terms are so-and-so, I will double them—do you hear?—on condition that you bear with your unfortunate mistress in her occasional trials, and say nothing of them beyond these sad doors."

As no new applicant was ever known to repose the slightest faith in the charming little lady's account of herself, the bargain, it may be supposed, was quickly concluded, and Susan (or Thomas) entered upon her duties with a quiet snigger, convinced that she had got into a good thing.

A week perhaps elapsed, when—

"Thu-than," a sweet voice would lisp, from behind the bed-curtains, as the maid entered her lady's room, "I have such a headache! There must be a flower in the room. You did not forget, did you, my good girl, to place those roses on the window-sill? eh, Susan dear?"

Conscience-stricken at having neglected the behests of so gentle and affectionate a mistress, Susan seized the offending flowers in one hand, and softly opening the curtains with the other, so as to make her apologies with the better grace, received a stinging slap on the eye and cheek, delivered with the whole force of the little ringed hand!

"You insolent, obstinate minx! You great gaping idiot! take that, and that, and this!" and the infuriated lady, catching up every movable her arm could reach—cup, candlestick, books &c.—hurled them wildly at Susan's head.

"Do you defy me, you wretch?" she added, suddenly sinking her voice to a whisper more terrible still, and, with every feature of her altered face working with insensate rage, she glided from her bed, and caught up the poker.

Susan cast one terrified glance at the little fiend-like figure, and incontinently fled, banging the door, to cover her retreat.—Fearful was the hubbub that ensued.—Screaming, stamping tearing and smashing everything that crossed her way, the unhappy lady might be heard exhausting the remnants of her passion upon the senseless objects around, till the room was strewn with ruin.

Below, the servants gathered in a bewildered group, uncertain how to act. The butler himself was pale and mute, and it was not a little that disturbed Mr. Binns.—One voice alone, with re-assuring calmness, rose above the frightened murmurs—it was that of Phillis Kroast.

"Set ye down, and don't do nothin'," was Phillis's counsel; and taking out her housewife, she seated herself, with perfect unconcern, and fell to work upon the toe of an aged sock.

Suddenly, the uproar in my lady's chamber ceased. There was a loud thump, as if she had fallen heavily on the floor. The group started. Could the unfortunate lady have laid violent hands upon herself?

Still Phillis sat and wrought. After another minute:

"Now, I think," said Phillis, "she will be done;" and, calmly rising, as though to examine the progress of a bit of toast, the intrepid girl slipped off her shoes, walked steadily up stairs, and applied her ear to the keyhole. A low sound of sobbing was alone audible. Phillis nodded, over the balusters, her entire satisfaction at the state of things, then quietly opened the door and walked in.

Her mistress was lying stretched on the carpet, her face on the very floor, weeping bitterly, and, in the agony of her remorse, beating her little white feet cruelly against the ground.

Phillis cast one glance at her, in which no grain of contempt mingled with its womanly compassion, and then set skillfully to work in restoring order. When this was in some measure effected, and the bits of broken glass and porcelain carefully swept aside, she for the first time drew near her lady, and gently placed a soft cushion under the bruised feet; then, lifting up her head, like that of a sick child, she laid it also on a cool, soft pillow; finally, she stretched a quilted dressing robe over the recumbent figure, like a pall, gave one sigh, as to fallen greatness, and withdrew.

"Fifty pound a year, with tea and sugar, and my beer ain't so bad, mind you," remarked Susan that evening at supper; "but I do wish there warn't no pokers in her room!"

"Missis won't hardly play that game with me," said Thomas, with languid assurance. (Thomas had large, brown, melancholy eyes, and was very proud of them.) "I don't mind a quick word or so, but if she comes the poker-dodge, I shall stop her with my heye."

Thomas had very soon an opportunity of testing the power of that organ. One morning, the bell of his lady's boudoir rang a little more sharply than usual. Thomas hurried up. Mrs. Smyles was sitting with her face turned to the window, and spoke to him without changing her position.—There was, nevertheless, a slight, almost imperceptible heaving of the beautiful shoulders, and a sort of tremor in her cooing tones, that might have alarmed the initiated.

"Oh, Thomas, will you—will you oblige me by telling me, Thomas, at what hour this morning my letters and papers were put into your hands? I am sure you will remember how especially I directed you, my good Thomas, to place them always on the table by—by ten o'clock. Yes, Thomas?"

Thomas recollected, with some compunction, that he had paused in the hall to read a rather lengthened report of the demise, by operation of law (or, as Thomas himself would have briefly phrased it, "hexecution"), of Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, for the murder of another Irish gentleman, and that he had probably done so under his mistress's too vigilant eye. Nevertheless, deluded by the sweetness of her voice, Thomas, without thought of fear, at once allowed that he had stopped in the 'all, to read a few lines that chanced to ketch his—

Before he could finish, Mrs. Smyles had started from her chair, and confronted him like a demon; her eyes literally blazed with passion.

"You meddling booby! you inquisitive, impertinent hound! how *dare* you presume to open anything intended for me? Out of my sight—leave my house! What—you answer me? Take *that!*"

And therewith, a very handsome and rather weighty annual, whirling through the air, took the direction of Thomas's head; that gentleman promptly ducked, and a small mirror received the *Friendship's Offering*. A *Forget me not* following, with better aim, struck Thomas—so fate decreed—in the very eye with which he had proposed to check his mistress's ungoverned rage.

Having now lost every remnant of self-command, she would have proceeded to further violence, but by this time Thomas had rallied his astonished senses, and saw that he had but two alternatives—to seize and restrain the little fury by superior force, or, like Susan, to turn and flee. Thomas adopted the latter course, and, reaching his pantry in safety, devoted himself to the care of his more than ever melancholy eye, till dinner-time.

He did leave the house that evening, but it was with a five-pound note in his damask pocket, and permission to spend a fortnight with his friends.

These are but specimens, taken at hazard, from scenes of frequent occurrence in the household of Mrs. Smyles, their trivial origin proving how slightly removed from actual aberration of intellect was the passion thus demonstrated.

Without the walls, the secret was kept with unwonted fidelity. Double wages and a most liberal table were an ample compensation for an occasional fright and a few bruises; and a certain dark tradition, concerning a cook's fractured skull, though far from being forgotten, was, by universal consent, regarded as a fiction. One thing only was certain, that Mrs. Smyles never passed the threshold of the kitchen, and that the sight or mention of a rolling-pin would cause her to quiver from head to foot as with pain.

At the time the circumstances I am to relate occurred, Mrs. Loveleigh Smyles, was out of town; of all her establishment, only two remained in charge of the mansion—namely, Phillis Kroast and Martha Drabbit.

Tea-time—five o'clock—was at hand, but Miss Kroast, not waiting for the clock to strike, summoned her colleague to the table, declaring that she felt very low, and that a good cup would set her up again.

Martha unhesitatingly signified that she herself was a trifle beneath her usual elevation, and that the remedy aforesaid invariably set *her* upon her legs again with more vigor than ever.

On this occasion, Phillis's depression did not yield to the accustomed panacea.

"That my sperrets was so low, I don't remember when the time was," she remarked. Phillis had a habit of reversing her sentences, which gave them an obscure and clever sound.

Martha merely replied with a dissyllabic grunt, which might be variously rendered: "Dear me!" "No, no!" "Nonsense!" "Poor thing!" &c., at pleasure.

"Something, I says to myself, when I rose up this morning, is going to happen, Phillis, this day."

Martha thought that sufficient *might* actually have occurred, in the general universe, since five in the morning, to realize that presentiment; but her friend's solemn tone indicating a personal application, and her own sole idea of a catastrophe being fire, she contented herself with observing incidentally that the chimneys had one and all been swep' on Toosday.

"And happen it will," continued Phillis, "afore bedtime."

Miss Drabbit, without actually quoting the Ides of March and Julius Cæsar, assented, in general terms, to the fact that the season of danger was not yet completely past; adding, moreover, a suggestion which, had it occurred to the illustrious Roman, might have changed the destinies of a world—namely, that by retiring to bed immediately after the present meal, they should at once terminate the day, and avert the omen.

But Phillis, though nervous to the last degree, scouted such pusillanimity; she would not retire a moment before the usual hour, come what might.

"Into my mouth my heart if even the very postman with a letter came would jump," said Phillis, "and"—

RAT-TAT!

"Aggravating feller! He did that o' purpose, now," ejaculated Phillis, faintly.

Martha hurried up, and returned with the letter, which wore a crumpled, foreign aspect.

"From missis," pronounced Phillis.

It was, and thus it ran:—

"CHATEAU DE PRANGINS, NYON.

"PHILLIS AND MARTHA—Very soon after this reaches you, an individual will come to the house, and possibly remain there for several days. Not to puzzle you with many directions, I wish you to understand, my good girls, that you are to treat him, in all respects, exactly as myself. Should his dress or appearance seem strange, you will, of course, take no notice, nor will you evince the least surprise at anything he may choose to do. I shall explain to you hereafter. At present, I have only to warn you, my steady and faithful Phillis and Martha, that I expect them, my orders, to be obeyed to the very letter. Affectionately,

"SERENA LOVELEIGH SMYLES."

"Wot's an Individual?" asked Miss Drabbit, timidly breaking the pause that followed; for Phillis was not a fluent reader, and being, moreover, a little perplexed with her mistress's spelling, was somewhat exhausted with the effort.

Miss Kroast affected to ignore her friend's question, but the letter pressing it—

"Why, a *he*," said Phillis, cautiously. "Didn't you hear, stupid? Missis says we are to treat *him* 'persisely as herself.'"

"It must be a very particular *he*," said Martha, only half-satisfied, "for missis to make him master. S'pose you'll put Individual in the blue room?"

"'Spose you know nothing about it," replied Phillis, sharply. "*Precisely like myself*, is words that has but one meaning, and that is: 'Put him in my room; give him my keys; take your orders from him; turn the house out o' winder if he sea the word; and if he breaks your 'eds, why, the less you speaks of it the better.'"

Martha felt that the one meaning was at least comprehensive; but her only audible comment was "Drabbit it! I wish he wan't a-coming!"—a sentiment which harmonised so completely with Phillis's own, that she could not forbear rebuking its premature expression.

"Drabbit! Drabbit! you forget yourself." (Martha hung her head.) "No more of this, if you please. He is missis's friend. P'r'aps some furrin gentleman as doesn't want his name mentioned—they doesn't, sometimes. Who knows it ain't Lewis Napoleon himself? Missis knew him in England. When does missis say he's—'very soon after this reaches'—That's as good as saying 'to-morrow.'"

*Rat—tat—*TAT!

Three slow knocks, the last delivered with great force, interrupted the conference.

"It's the Individual!" cried Martha.

"S'pose it *is*," said Phillis. "Run up, child, and open the door. Say I'm coming."

Martha lingered, as if afraid, until the knock was repeated, when, in obedience to a hasty gesture from her friend, she went up stairs. The bolts and chains seemed to take a long time to undo; at length, however, the door was heard to open, then instantly re-close, and Martha re-appeared, breathless.

"'Twarn't nobody!"

"Don't tell *me!*" retorted Phillis, indignantly. "What do you call that?" as, for the third time, the solemn summons re-echoed through the mansion.

"I'll tell you what I call it," said Martha, bursting out crying—"A WARNING."

"You'd very likely find it so, if mistress knew what a gaby you are making of yourself," was the strong-minded reply. "Go directly, and let him in."

"I dursn't," said Martha, for the first time in her life disobedient to her oracle. "There ain't no Lewis Napoleon, nor nothing else, at the door!"

Phillis wasted no more words, but, taking a candle—for it was now getting dusk—with the air of a Giovanni going to admit his petrified supper-guest marched up stairs.

The chain was heard to fall, the door to open; then came a smothered shriek—a sort of scuffle; next, the candlestick reappeared, hopping down stairs alone, as though to announce the discomfiture of its mistress, who immediately followed, having apparently rolled or slidden down half the distance, and landed in the kitchen, with another shriek, to which Martha heartily responded.

"Shut your eyes! Shut your eyes! See what's a-fallerin' me!" gasped Phillis.

Finding these directions incompatible, Martha obeyed the latter, and beheld an enormous black ball, about two feet in diameter, come bouncing into the room. Brought up with a jerk by the leg of the dresser, the ball opened, became elongated, stood on one end, and presented the appearance of an almost impossible human being, something under three feet high. The head being of the size of full-grown manhood, looked, of course, preposterously large, and owing to the face being remarkably long and thin, occupied a good third of the creature's altitude. The countenance itself had nothing repulsive in its expression, being grave and melancholy, finished, moreover, with a pointed beard; and the attire of the strange little personage belonging also to a former age, he might altogether have suggested the idea of the executioner of Charles I, having somehow missed his stroke, and divided his illustrious victim about the hips.

"It's a himp! Keep off—keep off!" shrieked Martha, as the dwarf made a movement to approach.

"I'll himp you both," returned the latter, his passive smile changing to a ferocious grin, and a strange green lustre appearing in his eyes, like those of a cat in the dark. "Stop your confounded noise, and behave like rational beings. You've got the letter [illegible]

"Please, sir, are you an Individual?" asked Phillis, timidly.

"Understand distinctly that I am," replied the dwarf, recovering his suavity. "Don't put me out, and you'll find me a very agreeable one. Now, observe—this is my sole caution—Don't Put Me Out. Perhaps you did not expect me quite so soon?"

"Well, sir, we didn't," said Phillis, beginning to recover her self-possession. "You see, mistress didn't mention your name, and we don't kn—"

"Did she tell you to *ask it?*" said the dwarf sharply. "Now, don't put me out. However, I don't mind *your* knowing; and, indeed, it would be necessary, as certain friends—I allude chiefly to the Turkish Ambassador, Lord Viscount Seringapatam, and Sir Charles Opossum—will probably wait upon me early to morrow. I am, on all ordinary occasions, accosted as The Venomous Fly; in the abandonment of private friendship, shortly "Legs," because, in that particular, nature has been short with *me*. Seringy and Opossum will most likely ask for me by the latter name; His Excellency the Effendi Hassan Mesrour Mahound, by the former. Attend me to my bedroom. I sup there."

With a trembling hand, and feeling very much as if she were walking in a dream, Phillis lit a silver lamp, and led the way to the luxurious chamber of the mistress of the house. Those soft yielding carpets, gilded mirrors, costly cabinets, that couch of down on which a fly's spongy foot would leave a hollow, those delicate rose-tinted curtains, were such, in good truth, the destined surroundings of the hideous little burlesque of humanity that came waddling after her into the rich apartment, as coolly as if he were entering an inn garret! Was nothing less deemed fit accommodation for The Venomous Fly?

Phillis almost screamed, as with one bound he leaped upon the bed, and, rolling himself up in the rich coverlet, glared at her as if it were nothing but a mask stuck upright on the couch.

"What would you like for a-supper, sir?" stammered Phillis.

"Eggs, brandy, and the cat," was the reply. "Now, don't put me out." And the green eyes reappeared.

"He wants the *cat* to eat," said Phillis, staggering into the kitchen, pale as ashes. "Here, Tittums! Tittums!"

Martha could bear no more; she caught her bonnet from a peg, and made a rush towards the door.

"For to be the Queen upon her throne, I wouldn't stay in this house another minnit!"

"Run away: leave me—do," said Phillis, steadily.

Sarcasm is stronger than reproach; friendship is stronger than ambition. Not to be tempted by the offer of a realm, Martha paused at the thought of abandoning her friend. The latter saw her hesitation.

"Didn't missis tell us we wasn't to be astonished at *nothin'?*" she calmly inquired. "Showin' she knowed as the Individual's ways was pecoolier. 'Cept that when he's angry, his eyes turns green, I don't see nothin' to be frightened at," continued the heroic Phillis, gaining confidence with every word. "Providentially, the cat ain't at home." And Phillis turned her back on the unconscious Tittums, curled up in the shadow of the clock.

As she spoke, a shrill, peculiar cry, compounded of a mew and a whistle, sounded from above; in a second, the cat shook off her slumbers, darted, in two bounds, across the room, and vanished, like a flash of gray light, up the staircase.

"As I'm a living sinner!" said Martha aghast, "*she knows him!*"

This new phenomenon, however, did not affect Martha's determination to remain with her friend, happen what might; flinging aside her bonnet, she returned to her allegiance.

One of the best silver supper-trays being laid out in as attractive a form as the simplicity of the guest's order permitted, the two proceeded up stairs, Miss Drabbit bearing the light, which the other, in her bewilderment, had brought away. Any anxiety on behalf of Tittums was at once dispelled by the appearance of *four* green eyes exactly on a level. The cat was squatting on the pillow, close to the dwarf's ear, into which she seemed every now and then to pour some confidential communication, looking up searchingly at Phillis as she entered, with a curious imitation of the dwarf's manner.

"Ha! Supper, Tittums!" exclaimed the latter, kicking off the coverlet, and sitting up, though the change of attitude made little perceptible difference.

The tray being placed on the bed, the cat at once skipped over and placed herself at the other end, never once removing her green eyes from her new acquaintance, but following his every movement with the most affectionate relish.

He was evidently out of humor, and, far from being gratified at the elegant manner in which his frugal supper had been served, grumbled incessantly, flinging the articles about, demanding why he was not served with plate, &c., and generally evincing the most lordly contempt for the luxuries with which he saw himself surrounded.

"And now," said the dwarf, kicking off the tray without further ceremony, "now for my riot. Lights, there!"

Phillis lit a large table-lamp and two candles, but this illumination by no means contented the irascible little monster, who continued to howl, "More lights! More!" until all the available candlesticks in the house had been produced, and the room was in a perfect blaze. Then, twisting the delicate curtains into a sort of rope, and scrambling up, in a second, to the canopy of the bed, the dwarf commenced a series of gambols and gyrations that almost defy description. Dancing, leaping, turning somersaults, swinging by his imperceptible legs from apparently impossible places, swarming up the angles of the wall, and actually buzzing along the gilt cornice with strange insect noises, The Venomous Fly completely vindicated his title to the name. As for Tittums, after making one or two bold but futile efforts to follow her friend up the wall, she owned herself fairly distanced, and took her place, with a mortified air, among the audience.

During this performance, the two women had sat with open eyes and mouths, too much bewildered even to exchange a word. It pleased the Fly, however, to alight, in the course of one of his aerial trips, upon the top of a wardrobe; opening the door with one leg, and peering over, the Fly affected to be immensely struck with what he saw there, and forthwith disappeared, head first, into a sea of silk and muslin, closing the door behind him.

At this horrible sight, Phillis could contain herself no longer.

"Oh my 'Evins! Missis's lovely gownds!" she shrieked, starting from her chair.

"Drabbit the himp!" exclaimed Martha, doing the same.

Before either could reach the wardrobe, the door reopened, and revealed the Fly completely attired in one of Mrs. Smyles's most costly dresses, wanting nothing but a befitting head-dress to be in trim for the court-ball for which that identical dress had been intended.

"Put me out, *now*, and take the consequences," hissed the dwarf, turning on the green light, and grinning with an expression so fiendish that the women recoiled.

"Where's my di'monds? Here's the Duchess o' Dishwasher waitin' at the door since half-past seven, and sends up her footman to swear she won't stand it any longer! Where's my jewel-box?"

"Please, sir, missis always sends her di'monds to the banking-house," said Phillis.

"Tell her Grace she needn't wait," rejoined the Venomous Fly; and, in spite of the encumbrance of the dress, he threw a somersault from the wardrobe, and alighted in the middle of the floor. "Turn off the lights; I'm going to bed. Wake me in the morning, when your mistress sends my luggage;" and, just as he was, he jumped upon the bed, and pretended to fall instantly asleep.

"I'm all in a twirl," said Phillis, as (the Ides of March at length concluded) the two lay down on their respective couches. "But I've made up my mind to one thing—he shan't riot no more in missis's room without the pelisse a-looking on. 'Luggage;' I don't believe he've got no luggage. Hapes don't carry much of that sort o' thing."

"Nor yet himps," put in Martha, faithful to her diabolical theory.

Phillis admitted that the provision made in this respect by such personages was probably slender; then, finding her companion too fatigued for further converse, quickly followed her into the land of dreams.

Much to their surprise, early on the following morning, a goods-van deposited at the house three travelling-chests of enormous weight, carefully locked, and secured with iron hasps. Direction-cards, in the lady's own hand, commended them to the "Care of Mrs. Loveleigh Smyles, 14 Sweet street, Pleasant Square, S. W.," the cards made use of proving to be visiting-tickets of her own. A parchment label, attached to each trunk, bore, in bolder characters, yet still unmistakably those of Mrs. Smyles—"THE VENOMOUS FLY."

The trunks having been conveyed, not without much difficulty, into an inner room, the two sat down and looked at each other.

"Hem!" remarked Phillis generally.

"Eh?" said Martha, inquiringly.

"Ah!" (with a sigh.)

"Poor thing!"

"You dursn't think," began Phillis, boldly feeling the way.

"I thinks what I thinks," replied Miss Drabbit, not sullenly, but, as it were, reluctantly admitting a painful fact.

Phillis became impatient.

"S'long as I've known you, and so kind as I've been to you, Martha Drabbit, and you afeard to speak out?"

Martha refused the trap, and politely turned the enemy's flank.

"What's the use? You're always guessin' one's thoughts, Phillis. Now!"

Phillis yielded with a smile.

"Well, well, child, you're right for once. There's only one way of accounting for all this." She put her mouth to Martha's ear—"*Missis is cracked.*"

A long consultation followed upon the questions arising from this new theory, resulting in a two-fold resolution—namely, to let things generally take their course, at least for another day, and to consult—in an unofficial manner—"P 126," with whom Martha boasted a nodding acquaintance, and who might be seen, at that very moment, prosecuting his listless stroll.

"P 126" readily responded to Martha's signal, and listened, with that entire absence of astonishment which characterises the police force, to Phillis's solution of what had occurred. He didn't see no call for thinking Mrs. Smyles was cracked. He knew a lady which kept a baboon, what use to play up all manner o' shines among the movables. *She* wasn't cracked, though some cups was! Now, here it lays (considered P. 126) So long as this dwarft doesn't activally *prig* nothing, the hands of the pilice is tied. And how *can* he prig? All that's not hisn's hern; and, 'cording to her orders, all that's hern's his'n! Why, he *can't* prig (said P 126, with honest warmth); at least, there's never a beak as *I* knows on what would take the charge. *That's* how it lays.

Unsatisfactory as was the attitude, Phillis allowed it to remain there, and about noon the following day the dwarf rang the bell, and demanded his luggage.

Upon Phillis's report of its weight, however, the Fly was induced to descend (which he did by buzzing down the balusters without touching the stairs) and make a selection. He chose the heaviest of the three trunks, which was, with infinite labor and ingenuity, transported to his chamber. Once there, the dwarf produced from his pocket the key, and Phillis, having with the aid of hammer and chisel detached the metal fastenings, was dismissed with her companion from the room.

For nearly an hour, no sound from above reached their ears; at the end of that time, Phillis, crossing the hall, thought she heard a shriek of laughter. She stopped. It was repeated. Curiosity overcoming every other consideration, she crept softly up stairs, and applying her eye to the keyhole, saw the dwarf standing upon his head in the middle of the room, and ever and anon indulging in peals of triumphant laughter. Near him stood one of the dressing-tables, swept of its usual contents, but laden with rows of curious substances, grotesque and various in form, but all of one hue.

"My 'Evins!" thought Phillis. "Whatever can you want of all that yeller soap?"

At the instant, a thundering knock resounded on the house-door. She saw the dwarf leap to his feet; then, waiting just long enough to admit of the possibility of her having run up stairs, Phillis tapped at the door, and inquired whether, in the event of the visitor proving to be Sir Charles Opossum, that gentleman should be admitted.

"At your peril!" screamed the dwarf.—"Say I'm out—say everybody's out! Run! Fly!"

There was something in his voice so expressive of genuine consternation, that Phillis could not forbear another peep. His face was perfectly livid. He was replacing his yellow soap in the box with such anxious haste, that Phillis completed her observations with perfect safety. The knock, however, was repeated, and she flew down stairs.

"Holloa, I say, young woman! you haven't fatigued yourself, I hope?" was the frank address of a man about eight-and-twenty, who had just dismissed a cab, and supported a small but weighty valise in his hands. He had handsome features, much embrowned; his black hair hung in corkscrew ringlets almost to his shoulders; and he wore heavy gold ear-rings. As for his dress, it partook so impartially of two characters, that he might be described either as a maritime farmer or an agricultural seaman, according to fancy. "You've got the letter?" he continued, coolly walking before her into the dining-room.

"The l-l-l—"

"Etter," said the visitor, showing his white teeth—"my sister's l-l-letter. And the b-b-boxes. Three boxes. How! holloa! What's the game now? Is the girl going to faint?"

He might well ask; for, in that terrible moment, had flashed upon Phillis's mind the probability, nay, almost absolute certainty, that the Venomous Fly was an impostor! Visions of the desecrated chamber, the damaged ornaments, the torn dresses, floated across her bewildered fancy. She could hear the treacherous insect himself, above, still busy with his soap. *His* soap? The soap of the man who stood there before her eyes, sternly demanding, again and again, if his boxes were safe!

But Phillis Kroast was no common woman. In a second it occurred to her that the dwarf could be suppressed, the boxes re-secured, the room re-arranged; all might yet remain a secret, saving only the destruction of one or two articles of value, for the announcement of which a favorable opportunity might be chosen. This resolved, Phillis hastily assured him that all was well—that, in a few minutes, rooms would be ready for his reception, &c. She offered to take his valise; but, small as it was, such was its weight, that the stranger, with a smile, tendered his assistance.

"You seemed a little upset at my outlandish rig," he added, good-humoredly.—"Fresh from the diggings, that's all. My name's Jack Hylton, your dear mistress's only brother. See the likeness *now*, eh? Landed at Liverpool a few days ago from the splendid clipper, *Venomous Fly*, sent on my traps with the direction Serena had written for me, and here I am. Room ready?"

Begging him to remain a few minutes in the parlor, Phillis swept up the stairs, and burst, like an avenging angel, into the dwarf's room. He had not quite concluded his packing, and turned on her his green eyes with a look of fury that, at a less desperate moment, might have kept Phillis at bay. As it was, she rushed right upon the little monster, and twisting her hands in his thick black hair, shook his Charles I. head till it looked like a sign of that monarch quivering in a storm.

"You aggravatin' little devil!" cried Phillis, shaking with all her might. "*You* missis's visitor? See what you've been and done! Me and Martha's ruined, and all *for* your games! Here's the gentleman belonging to them soap-boxes, and he wants 'em this instant-minnit."

With a violent wrestle, the dwarf shook himself free.

"Soap-boxes!" he exclaimed. "It's gold!"

"It's never gold!" echoed Phillis, faintly. "We shall all be hanged. Hark!" (The parlor bell rang violently.) "You come along with me. Quick, quick, or I'll call a perlice myself. If we can only get you out."

The Venomous Fly seemed to admit the wisdom of the counsel. He cast one long, wistful glance at the precious "soap," and followed Phillis like a lamb. They reached the hall in safety.

"Now," said Phillis, impressively, "whatever wild-beast-and-monkey show you 'skep from, it's better for you than them public streets after *this*. Get back as fast as you can, and tell them, with my compliments to give you a hidin'."

Whether the Fly would have implicitly followed these directions, will never, perhaps, be known, for at this moment Hylton's hasty step was heard on the hall floor. Phillis had just time to push the dwarf into the cloak-room, in which stood Hylton's remaining boxes, and a large empty trunk of her mistress's. Valise in hand, Hylton approached them.

"Into that big box! Quick!" whispered Phillis, in an agony. "Put something between. It shuts with a spring. You'll be stifl—"

"Holloa! about these rooms," began the visitor.

Phillis saw that the dwarf was hidden.

"In a moment, sir," she answered, and pulling-to the door behind her, dashed up-stairs.

The door, however, had not closed, and Hylton catching a glimpse of his own boxes among the rest, heaved the weighty valise upon the chest that stood nearest, and locking the door, pocketed the key. As he did so, he fancied, as he afterwards related, that he heard a faint, plaintive cry; but uncertain from whence the feeble sound proceeded, turned at once away.

Assisted by her trusty friend, Phillis quickly succeeded in restoring the box of gold to its original state of (false) security, and removed it to the room intended for Mr. Hylton. The question now was, how to account for the possession of the key, when the consultation was cut short by the appearance (guided by their voices) of the impatient gentleman himself, key in hand.

"The portmantel, sir?" asked Phillis. "Shall I?"

"Ah, stay, I'll go myself," replied Hylton; and, hastening down stairs, returned with it on his shoulder.

Oppressed with an indefinable anxiety, Phillis had followed him down, and no sooner was his back turned, than she crept into the cloak-room. It was always dark, and now, with its great sarcophagi of boxes, looked more than ever vault-like.

"Dwarft!" (Her voice sounded quite hollow.)

There was no reply.

"Speak, you aggra— Ho! my 'Evins!" and Phillis staggered forward in horror. *The chest was closed!* The spring, in spite of the introduction of a portion of the unfortunate sleeve, must have yielded under the sudden weight of the valise flung upon it an hour before.

With trembling fingers, like those of a repentant murderess, Phillis sought the fatal spring, touched it, leaned heavily forward, saw the horrible confirmation of her fears, and again dropping the heavy lid and closing the spring, fell back in a dead swoon. In falling, she struck her head against the corner of one of Hylton's heavy boxes, and hence, perhaps, her long insensibility for nearly two hours more had elapsed, when Martha, seeking in some anxiety her friend, discovered her in the condition mentioned.

It seemed fated that nothing should save the ill-stared little monster, for no sooner was poor Phillis restored to consciousness, than the horror of her mind induced another period of syncope, and this was succeeded by an attack of fever and delirium, which lasted several days, during which, by Mr. Hylton's orders, every possible care was lavished on the sufferer. In spite, however, of the patient's incoherent ravings, none of the watchers obtained the slightest clue to what had in reality occurred.

It was on the fifth day of Phillis's illness, and after it had taken a favorable turn, that Mrs. Loveligh Smyles, who had hastened her return to meet her brother, reached home, and found all, except poor Phillis, pretty much as she had left it. She was full of gentle sympathy, and insisted on sitting nearly an hour at the bedside of her sick servant, whose anxious heart and still bewildered brain could hardly realize her presence. Oddly enough, one of the topics with which the kind lady sought to amuse the invalid was a visit she had received in Switzerland from a travelling dwarf, who tumbled and conjured, to the great amusement of the household, for an entire day, making himself completely at home; so much so, indeed, as to lay himself open to the imputation of having finally marched off with more than belonged to him. Poor Phillis turned upon her side with a groan. She had not the strength to speak, had she wished it; but she was conscious of a miserable feeling that to-morrow, if not to-night, must reveal all.

It was nearly noon on the morrow—Mr. Hylton having gone out—when Thomas of the "heye," with some trepidation, introduced to his mistress a gentleman who had politely, yet persistently, refused to intrust Thomas with his name. There was a certain something in his quiet demeanor which rose superior to conventional rules, as he silently placed on the lady's work-table a neat visiting-card, inscribed, "Mr. Adolphus Winnington (detective), Great Scotland-yard."

The word thus modestly placed in a parenthesis, as if it were of no particular significance, alone caught Mrs. Smyles's eye. She started slightly, but before she could open her lips, Mr. Adolphus Winnington opened *his*.

In apology for his intrusion, he would hasten to say that its sole object was the removal of some slight—almost ridiculously slight—misgivings which had been excited in magisterial minds by the receipt of a very singular communication, emanating, it was imagined, from some lunatic, yet one whose mental incapacity it was desirable to place beyond all future cavil. The letter was signed—Mrs. Smyles would laugh—"Rolling-pin," and related to a supposed—ha, ha—*murder!*

Mrs. Smyles did not laugh, but, on the contrary, turned so deadly white, that the officer, thinking she was about to swoon, made a step forward to support her. She rallied, however, and, grasping the table, looked her visitor full in the face.

With just a shade less of respect and ease of manner, the latter continued:

Could Mrs. Smyles remember having seen or heard anything lately of a certain deformed person—a sort of travelling mountebank—a?—

Dwarf? Assuredly. He performed, not long since, at the Chateau de Prangins, Nyon, which Mrs. Smyles had tenanted.

Exactly. And had since performed in Sweet Street? At that house?

Most certainly not.

Mr. Adolphus Winnington consulted a memorandum, and read with some gravity: "'Venomous Fly,' otherwise 'Legs,' traced from Nyon to Macon—thence to Dijon—thence to Paris—thence to Dunkirk—thence to the 'Showman's Arms,' Puppet Lane, London—thence to 14 Sweet Street, Pleasant Square—*trace lost.*'"

"Impossible, sir!" said the lady, rising indignantly. "My servants would never have dared. But I will go and question them."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Winnington, his manner becoming, by almost imperceptible degrees, more distant and official; "that is precisely what I cannot allow. Let me explain myself a little further. We have been informed, madam—I know not how truly—that you have been in the habit of exercising a more than usually energetic influence over those in your domestic employ, extending even—pardon me if in error—to personal violence. I see you are agitated."

"If," replied Mrs. Smyles, controlling herself by a strong effort—"if an infirmity of temper has at any time given color to such an imputation, what, may I ask, has that to do with the subject of your visit?"

"To speak with entire frankness," replied the officer, "*two* things: first, that your servants will be better examined by another questioner than their mistress; secondly, that the infirmity you have mentioned may possibly—I say, *possibly*, but our duty *compels* us to weigh such contingencies—have had some remote connection with the sudden disappearance we have been discussing."

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady, her eyes flashing scorn and fury. "Do you mean to accuse me of *murder?*"

"That," replied Mr. Adolphus Winnington, with perfect coolness, "is the precise expression selected by our correspondent 'Rolling-pin,' and which appeared to magisterial minds sufficiently emphatic to warrant my present intrusion. He or *she* (for a gentleman attached to our office for the especial purpose of studying autographs, pronounces it to be the writing of a female cook with lightish hair,) actually indicates the spot where the body may be found."

"Body, sir!" shrieked Mrs. Smyles. "I—Hark!"

There was a sort of scuffling noise without, accompanied by earnest voices and a feeble hysteric scream; then the door burst open, and Phillis Kroast, looking like her own spectre—pale, disordered, half dressed—staggered in, supported by the faithful Martha.

"I want to confess! I want to confess!" cried the poor woman, sinking on her knees.

"Drabbit the himp, *do*," was Martha's advice.

And with many sighs and tears, Phillis faltered out the whole history of the wretched dwarf's appearance, his accident, and death. It was clear that the ill-fated creature had by some means possessed himself of the contents of the letter addressed to the servants by Mrs. Smyles, its mysterious expressions having suggested to him the idea of personating the individual therein referred to. He had likewise stolen the key of the treasure-boxes, and, outstripping Mr. Hyiton, arrived, as we have seen, in Sweet Street as the expected guest. How the idea of some catastrophe having occurred could have been imparted to the police authorities, was known to the latter alone. It was probably the result of a consultation between the treacherous P 126 and the mysterious "Rolling-pin," an old acquaintance of that gentleman's, once cook to Mrs. Smyles, but who had quitted that lady's service on account of a rather severe accident to her head in tripping over the cat.

These latter explanations found, of course, no place in Phillis's confession, that young lady confining herself to the sufficiently startling facts that had succeeded the dwarf's arrival.

Even the tranquil face of Mr. Winnington showed some disturbance, as he prepared to lead the way towards the fatal room. Mrs. Smyles, overcome with grief and horror, nevertheless would not be left behind. She took the officer's proffered arm, and the party proceeded to the spot.

No sooner was the door opened than the sickening intimation of animal decay made itself strongly perceptible. There was no need to point out that dark coffin-like box, from whose close-clenched lips still depended, like the corner of an escutcheon, a portion of the dwarf's embroidered sleeve.

Mrs. Smyles withdrew her arm, and leaned heavily against the wall. The two maids crouched on the floor in the entry.

With some little difficulty, Winnington discovered the fatal spring, pressed it, and flung back the lid. Recoiling for a moment before the odor which diffused itself through the vault-like room, he forced himself to a closer examination. He utters a kind of gasping sob; he tears out the dwarf's coat, and flings it on the ground. He drags the box a little forward:

"Behold your murdered victim!"

At the bottom of the chest, arms and legs extended, as in the agonies of a violent and painful death, the yellow-green eyes, lustreless indeed, but wide and staring still—lay THE CAT!

Little remains to be told. A small window at the back had evidently supplied the murderer with the means of exit, leaving the body of the too confiding Tittums in token of his disappointed malice.

Poor Phillis never entirely recovered the anguish of those days of trial; she survived it, indeed, for some years, the favorite attendant of her mistress, from whose lips a harsh word was never again known to issue.

As touching the mischievous author of these doings, the police pledged their professional honor that he should be in custody within four-and-twenty hours. That honor was forfeited. After a lapse of ten days, a Liverpool paper calmly announced the departure, under highly favorable circumstances as regards wind and weather, of the renowned clipper *Greased Lightning*, Captain Knever Kaught; adding that, on the very point of sailing, a most welcome and interesting addition to the passenger-list was made, in the person of the celebrated dwarf, Signor Torriano Tomblero, otherwise "The Venomous Fly," bound—among many individuals of more developed growth—for the Melbourne diggings.

☞ The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

☞ Eight young girls left Zanesville, Ohio, recently to seek pretended lovers who had been corresponding with them from the army. Two were arrested and sent back, and the others ought to be.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ The way European affairs are stirred up just now—with Poles.

☞ On the marriage of Miss Wheat, it was hoped that her path would be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed.

☞ AN ANCIENT LAWSUIT.—The supreme tribunal of Madrid has just given final judgment in a suit which had been under litigation 240 years, and which involved the succession to the inheritance of Francis Pizarro, the famous invader and conqueror of Peru in 1532.

☞ One of the feuilletonists of Paris announces that among the fashions to be adopted by the fair sex in Paris during the coming season, is that of feminine whiskers! Good gracious, where will they get them? Will the milliners supply them ready made?

☞ An Irish gentleman, who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looking at his watch just after midnight, said: "It is to-morrow morning; I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."

☞ Among the novelties of the age is a seedless apple. A tree has been found in Dutchess county, New York, bearing this fruit. There are no blossoms; the bud forms, and, without any show of petals, the fruit sets and grows, entirely destitute of seeds. In outward appearance, the apple resembles Rhode Island Greenings.

☞ The Nevada Constitutional Convention has decided that juries may find a verdict in criminal cases by three-fourths majority, until the Legislature requires a unanimous vote.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 28, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In answer to numerous applications for specimens of our new Magazine, we may say that in a few days now, we hope to be able to supply all demands.

LEAD PIPES.

The use of lead pipes for the conveyance of drinking water is generally very objectionable, as most water dissolves lead, and the salts of lead are among the most dangerous of poisons. Lead pipes should never be used until after a trial is made of the effect of the water upon that metal. If upon putting a piece of lead into the water the metal is gradually dissolved, then it would be very dangerous to use lead pipes for the conveyance of such water.

In Philadelphia lead pipes are almost universally used, and without danger. The reason is that there is something in the water—we are not chemist enough to say what—which forms an insoluble compound on the surface of the lead, and thus protects the metal from any further corrosion.

Something analogous to this natural process seems to have been discovered recently in art, by Dr. Scharuz, of Breslau. He passes a stream of a hot solution of potassium through the pipes, and thereby alters the metallic condition of the interior surface, and converts it into a sulphide in a few minutes, and at a very trifling cost. This sulphide is an innocuous product, and consequently protects the water from the deleterious action of the lead.

We trust that the details of this process will be made public, and that the manufacturers of lead pipe will avail themselves of it. Such are the peculiar advantages of lead, owing to its great pliability, for water pipes, that if it can be made entirely innocent, it will probably supplant all other metals. If we are not mistaken, iron pipes have been extensively used of late years, owing to the bad character that lead has acquired in many places, where the water dissolves it with a rapidity that is astonishing, and renders it not only a very unsafe, but a very expensive metal for such uses.

GETTING YANKIFIED.

The *Richmond Whig* draws a deplorable picture of the progress of selfishness and meanness in the rebel states, which it denominates "getting Yankeefied." It says:—

> It is a common remark that, if the war continues much longer, we shall all be subjugated, not by force of arms, but by our own selfishness. In other words, our vices will have metamorphosed us into Yankees, and we will be fit subjects only for Yankee government. There is too much ground for the accusation, in the spirit which manifests itself on every side. At the time of all others, when the highest virtues should be exhibited—when, in fact, the greatest kindness, generosity, and mutual assistance could only mitigate the evils of the day, for which no cure short of the cessation of the war is possible—we find every trouble aggravated by the almost universal disposition to do everything for self and nothing for friendship.
>
> People get more and more disobliging and unaccommodating every day. Scarcely anything is done for kindness, and not a great deal even for pay. The little that is done for either money or love is done grudgingly. "Every man for himself," but not "God for us all," is the motto. Here and there may be found noble exceptions, but as a general thing the aim of every human being now is to take care of Number One, and let the devil take care of the rest. Thus we are getting Yankeefied very fast. We may talk about the "instinct of self-preservation" as much as we please, but when we have all become Yankees of our own accord, without excuse, it will never atone for our selfishness, or recall the good old days of the past. Peace and plenty may return, but with them will not return the generous spirit of our sires. Accustomed to habits of meanness and stinginess, the people of the South will be, to all intents, New Englanders. The triumph of the Yankee will be even more complete than if we had been subjugated by the sword. Our very souls will have been conquered.

In comment upon the above, we may say that the effect of the war upon the North has been very different. In caring for the wants of the wounded and their families, the spirits of the northern people have been softened and chastened. Hundreds and thousands of dollars have been contributed by thousands of our men, and our women have devoted a large portion of their spare time to the preparation of food and clothing. If the Southern people are becoming selfish and mean, as a consequence of the rebellion, it is another reason for getting them back into the Union, that they may recover their olden virtues.

GENERAL MEADE.

An army correspondent of the *Inquirer* tells the following anecdote of Gen. Meade:

> The General looks remarkably well, and carries in his large and expressive eye a quiet confidence which bodes desirable results for the future. The prisoners are all anxious to get a glimpse of the man who outgeneraled Lee, and when he is pointed out, are invariably complimentary in their remarks on his personal appearance. "He's a mighty smart man, I reckon," says one; "He's a right fine lookin' feller," remarks another, and so on, all agreeing to his impressive military presence. His headquarters are invariably in his tent, no matter how cold may be the weather. A private employed as blacksmith at headquarters was recently suspended by the thumbs to a tall pine tree, and a pail of cold water slowly poured upon his cranium by a man on a ladder several feet above. He received the punishment with as great a degree of complacency as could be expected under the circumstances, but still exhibited an apparent sense of humiliation which I think it impossible for even the most stoical rascal to repress on occasions of a similar character. It is customary in the army, when the weather is severe, or when the men have undergone laborious fatigue duty, to issue to them rations of whiskey, the effect of which in some instances, is to bring out in bold relief every selfish animal proclivity of man's nature, leaving every commendable attribute in the background. It was thus in the instance of the culprit referred to, who took occasion while in a pugilistic mood to approach General Meade with a point blank challenge to single combat, asseverating in vigorous terms and in an expressive manner, his perfect confidence in his ability to vanquish the Commander-in-chief "or any other man," and insisting that the General should "peel" and defend himself. The General probably considering the challenge rather informal, and not in accordance with the *code duello*, ordered the man in arrest, remarking that he believed the hydropathic treatment indispensable in the pugnacious gentleman's case. It was accordingly adopted after the method mentioned above, and it may be reasonably supposed, with happy results, both to the prisoner and to those who witnessed the scene.

The above reminds us of an anecdote told of Mr. Seward, when he was making speeches out West, some years ago. Among others who went to hear him, was a Missouri borderer, who seemed greatly surprised that so small a man should have contrived to make so much noise in the world. "What! that's your great Mr. Seward, is it?" said he—"why I could whip him with my left hand."

A SAD STORY.

One of our exchanges says:—

> A little girl, four years old, named Louisa Schieder, was at school, in New York, last Friday, when, for failing in her lesson, she was ordered to stay after school. When she heard the mandate, unusual seriousness overspread her features, and, in an agitated manner, she begged of her teacher to let her go home. The teacher, it is said, told her kindly that she might go as soon as she could spell "hedge" correctly. The little thing withdrew to accomplish her task. Shortly after she had regained her seat she gasped for breath, her head fell back, and after three or four gasps, she died. The deceased was possessed of a susceptible and affectionate nature. A post mortem examination showed that death was the result of "Syncope." Dr. Ramsey, who made the examination, said that syncope might be produced by fear, excessive grief, or the heat of the room.

A child of "four" years of age kept in after school because she failed to spell the word "hedge" correctly! A little sensitive thing—the delight, probably, of some fond father's heart—killed, as it would seem, by a thoughtless disregard of the laws of nature. Let the above case be a warning to all who have the care of children.

BEEF FACTORY.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer says:

> "The beef factory here, owned by Messrs. William Underwood & Co., of Boston, will commence operations about the first of October next, when the meat will be scientifically cut from the quarters of 12 or 15 fat oxen per day, seasoned with salt and pepper, put into tin cans holding 4 pounds each, sealed up and consigned to baths of boiling water, where they remain about six hours. None of the juices of the meat can escape, the can being air tight when cooked. When cooled and the can opened, you find the meat immersed in a rich jelly and very tender. It is the *ne plus ultra* of meat cooking, affording more nutriment than when cooked any other way, and will keep any length of time in any climate. The U. S. Navy receive the most of it."

☞ I honor the reverence to noble tombs too implicitly to believe that any living great man can equal a dead great man. A dead great man is a shrined ideal of excellence; a living great man is a struggling fellow mortal.

☞ It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good, and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other.

☞ Four things come not back; the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

TRIFLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HATTIE HAWTHORN.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Is any article of wear, physic, taste, merchandize, or humanity, divided into as many kinds or classes as we women? From the impossible darling without either spot or blemish, who struggles and suffers through two volumes bound in one, and four hundred pages, with a pure heart, gentle smile, and Grecian nose, to the real article, who sets your table, gets the dinner, and tells you "Sure thim last potatoes wint all to wather in the boilin'," it's out of the question to sum them all up. New specimens of the genus spring up every day and keep the subject from being hackneyed. Some years ago, people poetically inclined, thought these two quotations fitted them all:

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Capping the bright, buoyant, capricious brunettes with the first, and reserving the other for the dear blue-eyed blondes, household angels who were neat and tidy, and looked after things.

But what provision is there in verse for our strong-souled, angular-bodied sisters, who personally attend to our rights, and who nobly give out their own sewing, that they may superintend them the better? What stanza expresses the worth of those blessed self-sacrificers who go round with little books, and make collections for national monuments, or other public objects. Poetry is defective, so is prose, because, as I say, the theme is a progressive and constantly developing one, and it makes one busy to keep up with it. They are all here—here, in America, I mean—the dear, gentle dependent specimens, as well as the high-souled, self-sustainers, tanned and freckled by the pitiless sun, and tossed and blown against by the same wind. The superior women—I bow in spirit before their very name. They who know all about it—whatever it is; and cannot be taken at a disadvantage. Who understand the policy of their country as well as they do the principles of astronomy, and hard words and their derivations. Who do not flinch at dentists, but calmly meet them on their own ground, nor quail in their superior souls at the sight of the forceps. Who manage servants by an imperial wave of their hand, and make you think of the trouble you had to have that extra fire made. Whose houses do not leak in winter, or gather flies in summer; whose children never cry, and whose husband is what every husband should be—subdued. In short, the very women for the present crisis, who, we cannot help thinking, would give things a different air if their hands were on the helm.

A very different female is the constitutional smiler—with no particular style of eyes, mouth, or nose; and no particular kind of opinions; yet of great sweetness of disposition, and also of some insipidity, finds the "yes" indispensable, and makes an inordinate use of it, sometimes adding "Oh," in moments of uncommon excitement, as, "You enjoyed your trip to Niagara?" "Yes"—a little drawn out, it being in the comparative. And, "You think Mr. Blank a delightful preacher?" "Oh, yes"—exceedingly lengthened, it being in the superlative, and the highest degree of rapture to which that species can attain. To this class belongs naturally a oneness of color in hair, skin, eyes, and eyebrows; and in dress the shadowy delicate, faint blue or gosling green.

What a counterpoise is your positive, energetic woman, who knows no monosyllables, and wouldn't use them if she did.—Who says a thing and will swear to it. Who "couldn't possibly be mistaken, so there's no use in talking about it." Who puts you out of breath in argument the first two minutes, and then "would just like to see you prove it, that's all." Who would be pleased to see a man maltreat her, and, in fact, "sort of" cheers that portion of humanity on to dare and assault her. Who has a high opinion of finger nails as defenders, and says "pooh," when you speak of pistols. Who almost insults her sisters, the timid women, in society, when they narrate how they were terrified at a strange cat, by remarking "I couldn't be such a fool."

But timid women are a class, and a very lovely one. If I were just beginning to set out in life, I think I should choose timidity as my vocation. It's exceedingly taking, and very easily done. A little scream—stifled, if it's to be very interesting—a nervous clutch at the nearest arm to you, and you have the recipe for runaway horses, street fights, or sudden guns. Besides, authors choose their nicest heroines from among them. Thackeray's Amelia was one of the *timidest* kind of timid women, while wicked Becky Sharp was wild as a dragon. Why, I couldn't attempt to name all the dear, delightful women we read of, and believe in, who were afraid of their own shadows—and very properly so. Men believe in timid women, who have so much to do keeping scared, that they can't be up to any mischief—and so it's safe, you see.

Of course we all know women who quote their husbands—and bring them into society with them—like a terrible lash with which to attack other people's tastes and habits.—Who remark as you help yourself to lettuce, "Mr. Jones disapproves of salad; he thinks it highly injurious," with such oracular force that you feel, while eating it, you are flying direct in the face of Mr. Jones and society at large. Now, you know in your heart that Mr. Jones is a mild, small-headed man, whom nobody considers tremendous except his wife, yet that admirable female flourishes him over your head most unpleasantly, "Mr. Jones says the war is not carried on properly;" "Mr. Jones detests purple in dress;" "Mr. Jones considers veils highly improper," &c.

This husband quoter has a kind of sister-in-law, who is a husband praiser. Her husband may have the eyes of a delicately constitutioned mackerel; and she will appeal to you pointedly, "Don't you think Mr. Thompson's eyes peculiarly expressive?" He may have a foot that serves him well to walk with, but symmetrically considered is both flat and splay, and she will turn to you—always sweetly, remember—with, "So many people have admired Mr. T.'s foot, isn't it handsome?" I suppose, as Sergeant Buzfuz said, "it is one of the holiest feelings in our imperfect nature"—but I consider it a nuisance.

Women—I haven't done with them yet, you see—whose pride of heart it is to be incapable, are my particular detestation. Who can be left in "such a state" by a servant's retiring from action, and haven't the least idea how to do things, who consider boiling coffee and broiling a steak as mysterious as the Sphinx's riddle. Whose pride in their own incapacity is the chief features of their characters, and who constantly assure you that they "can't do the least thing about housework, not even washing a cambric handkerchief"—which I have always understood to be the Rubicon dividing womanhood from ladydom. I have heard them—so have you many a time, I am sure—solemnly boasting of their utter uselessness, and suspicion has flashed on both our minds that the manufacturing town of Lowell saw them much more energetic members of society, or at the very least that they used to live in the country and go after the cows.

There is one wholly, truly, and entirely excellent class of women, who are not half celebrated enough, who ought to be known, prized and equally distributed over every city, say one to a block of houses. They are those who can "fix things;" show you how to make a new head-dress out of an old bonnet trimming; transfer wornout handkerchiefs into new collars; turn frayed skirts upside down; and cover inauspicious seams with trimming; whose dyed clothes look really elegant—when ours come out perfectly shocking; who can clean gloves, cut patterns, and take out stains beautifully with benzine. I don't know which I admire the most—those serviceable souls, or the dear good women that everybody likes just because they are so likeable.

There are such things as exceedingly beautiful women, exceedingly fascinating women, and sometimes exceedingly witty women; but they're sacred subjects. Any one who knows one, just embalms her in his heart and keeps her for private contemplation. So they should.

☞ CHANGE OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN ENGLAND.—The changing sentiment in England in favor of the North, has recently been exemplified in a remarkable manner in the election of several members of Parliament. In every case the rival candidates have gone before the people solely on the American question, and it is gratifying to learn that in every instance the man who avowed himself a friend of the North was elected. This fact shows the true sentiment of the English people.

☞ "Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar; "Jennie, it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it is a great deal solemner not to."

☞ THE RUSSIAN BALL.—At the ovation and Ball in New York, the following were the principal edibles, viz:—Twelve thousand oysters—ten thousand poulette and two thousand pickled; twelve monster salmon—thirty pounds each; twelve hundred game birds; two hundred and fifty turkeys; four hundred chickens; one thousand pounds of tenderloin; one hundred pyramids of pastry; one thousand large loaves; three thousand five hundred bottles of wine.

☞ The noblest *independence* is the government of our passions, and the most sublime *dependence* is on the Divine Providence.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that because dancing girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

☞ "You cry before you are out of the wood, as the flute player remarked to his last note.

☞ Modesty promotes worth, but conceals it, just as the leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

☞ Before we say how wicked that man is, let us examine ourselves, and see if we are not more wicked in some other way.

☞ A house has been built of iron in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, in eight days. It is just now a nine days' wonder.

LATEST NEWS.

Brownsville, Texas, has been occupied as the headquarters of General Banks. An attempt to revolutionize the district of Tamaulipas, which includes Matamoras and the mouth of the Rio Grande, by the Mexican chief Miramon handing it over to the French, was frustrated by the timely appearance of General Banks. The presence of the Union troops drove General Cobos, the ally of Miramon, to the other side of the river, where he fell into the hands of Cortinas, who defeated him, and shot him as a traitor. Three revolutions occurred in one week on the Mexican frontier of the Rio Grande. The position which General Banks now occupies secures to the United States the port of Matamoras without danger of a foreign war. Later despatches from New Orleans bring the highly important intelligence that the 13th Army Corps has also embarked for some point in Texas.

On Saturday afternoon a party of Mosby's guerillas came to Bealton Station to make a raid on the railroad. They were dressed in Federal uniforms, and detachments of the First Pennsylvania and Sixth Ohio cavalry regiments, on guard there, took them for friends, but were undeceived by receiving a volley. The rebels were then pursued to Salaker's Gap, six of them being captured.

Recently the second North Carolina regiment (Union), under command of Col. Smith, attacked the third (rebel) North Carolina regiment, on French Broad river. The rebels were driven from their position, many of them coming over to our side and turning their rifles against their late companions. Col. Smith's position is the key to an advance upon Knoxville from North Carolina.

Another rebel plot, originating in Canada, is reported to have been discovered. The intention was to seize Fort Montgomery, near Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain, destroy the drawbridge, and plunder Plattsburg and Burlington. Information of the plot has been forwarded to the commander of the fort, who is reported as being ready for all hostile comers.

Despatches from Knoxville contain a few additional details of the fighting between Longstreet and Burnside. The national commander and his brave army have been equal to the occasion, and are inspired with confidence.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is firm. About 12,000 bbls Flour have been disposed of, mostly for shipment, at $5,50@6 for superfine; $6,50@7 for extras; $7@8 for low grade and good Ohio and Penna extra family; $6,50@7 for old stock do, and $7,75@8 for fancy Ohio. Rye Flour sells at $5,50@5,56 ℘ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, and Brandywine is held at $6 ℘ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly. About 60,000 bus Wheat have been disposed of at $1,55@1,65 for common to good and choice reds, and $1,75@2,05 for white. The latter for Kentucky. Rye is selling on arrival at $1,22@1,25 for Delaware and Penna, and $1,20 for Northern. Corn—About 30,000 bus have been disposed of at $1,10@1,17 for Southern and Penna yellow; white at $1,10@1,12, and Western mixed at $1,12@1,13. Oats are active and firm, and 40,000 bus sold at 83c for Delaware and Penna. Barley and Malt are firm with further sales of Northern at $1,50@1,56, and Malt at $1,60@1,70.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 3000 bbls Pork at $16½@16¾ for old, and $17@17½ for new mess. Beef is steady but quiet. Bacon moves off as wanted, at 11@13c for Hams, 7¼@7½c for Shoulders, and 8@8½c for Sides. Green Meats are quiet for the want of stock, with small receipts and sales of Hams at 10½@11½c, 6½@6¾c for Shoulders, and 7½@8c for Sides in salt. Lard is firm, with further sales of 1000 bbls and tcs at 11½@12c. Butter is unchanged and firm, at 26@28c for common to good and choice Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 27@31c for New York State, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is firm at 13@16c for common to choice. Eggs are less active and selling at 25@26c ℘ doz.

COTTON—Market firm; sales reach about 350 bales, at 85 to 88c for Middling and good Middling quality, cash.

ASHES are firm and rather more active, but with moderate sales.

BARK—Quercitron is less active, a few small sales of 1st No 1 are reported, mostly at $37 ℘ ton. Tanners' Bark is scarce.

BEESWAX is in demand and wanted at 46@47c ℘ ℔.

COAL—The market is less active, but prices are firm.

COFFEE is firm; about 1200 bags were disposed of at 20@33½c for Rio; 32½@33c for Laguyra, and 35c for African, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER is unchanged.

FEATHERS continues scarce and high, and good Western are quoted at 58@60c ℘ ℔.

FRUIT—Green fruit moves off as wanted at $2½@3½ for Apples, and $9@11 ℘ bbl for Cranberries. Dried fruit comes in slowly and commands 7@8c for Apples, and 6@13c for unpared Peaches, quarters and halves.

HAY is firm and selling freely at $23@25 ℘ ton.

HEMP—The market is firm but quiet.

HOPS move off as wanted at 26@30c ℘ ℔.

IRON—The market is active and firm; 700 tons Anthracite at $41@42 for No 1; $38@39 for No 2, and $35@37 for No 3, cash. 200 tons Northern Blooms sold at $75, cash. Of Scotch Pig sales of 500 tons are reported at $43½, cash. Manufactured Iron is also very firm.

LEAD—Sales of 2000 pigs Galena in New York, to come here, at $9,50@9,57 the 100 ℔s, cash.

LUMBER—White Pine Boards range at $26@30, and Yellow Sap do at $23@24. There is no Hemlock here. Laths have advanced, and are quoted at $2,50 ℘ M for Eastern.

MOLASSES—Sales are limited to small lots Cuba and New Orleans at fully former rates.

OILS—Petroleum is unsettled and lower. We quote refined in bond at 38@39c, and free 50@52c.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote at $4,50@4,62½ ℘ ton.

RICE is firmer, with small sales of Rangoon at 7¼@7⅜c ℘ ℔.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed at $7@7½ ℘ bus. Timothy is dull at about $2,50. Flaxseed is more inquired for at $3 ℘ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm. N. E. Rum is selling at 74@75c. Whiskey has further advanced, with free sales of bbls at 65@69c.

SUGARS are active. Sales reach about 2800 hhds, mostly Cuba at 12½@13½c, and Porto Rico at 14½@14⅝c on the usual terms.

TALLOW—The market has been more active, with sales of about 250,000 ℔s at 12@12¼c for City, mostly at the former figure, and 11⅝c for Western.

TOBACCO—The market continues at a stand still.

WOOL is coming in more freely. Sales reach about 280,000 ℔s, in lots, at from 80 to 86c for common to fine fleece, the latter for choice clips and tub, mostly at 80@83c, including some low grade Western, unwashed, at 57c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2670 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 10½ cts ℘ ℔. 160 Cows brought from $20 to 45 ℘ head. 7500 Sheep were sold at from 4½ to 5c ℘ ℔ gross. 4100 Hogs brought from $8,00 to 8,50 ℘ cwt net.

THE WAITING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I wait and watch: before my eyes
  Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears uprise
  Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance,
  I hear the day sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop in swift advance,
  The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
  I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet,
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
  And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair
  The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
  A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
  And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
  And God shall make the balance good.

Oh, power to do! oh, baffled will!
  Oh, prayer and action! ye are one;
Who may not strive, may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still,
  And good but wished with God is done!

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I should never have thought of my amiable friend, Mrs. Denison, as the heroine of such a tale as she related to me one evening in the autumnal twilight. Yet she, a timid, sentimental old lady, had really been placed in a position of extraordinary trial, and had come nobly out of it. And she told the adventure with an utter unconsciousness of anything heroic in her conduct, which added a strange charm to her recital.

When I was about seventeen or eighteen, (she said,) my father took me for change of air, after a slight illness, to the sea-side. I was romantic; moreover, I had been motherless from my infancy, and my dreamy fancies had received no check from the dull routine of my school-life, nor from my association with girls as silly as myself.

Shortly after our arrival at the watering-place, I was struck by the appearance of three people, who were often to be seen together of an evening on the sands. One was a very handsome woman of about forty-five; the others appeared to be her son and daughter. The son was one of the most interesting persons I ever saw. The daughter, who was about my own age, was very pretty. The mother was a cripple. She was drawn nearly every day to the same spot on the sands, and sat there watching the setting sun, while her children occupied themselves with gathering shells. Occasionally we met the brother and sister riding, and my father declared that he had never seen so good a horsewoman as the young lady.

One evening, as I was sitting on a low black rock or stone, near her chair, the elder lady spoke to me with a civil apology for troubling a stranger. She asked me if I could distinguish whether her son and daughter were on the beach. Her sight was too bad for her to see herself. I looked, and replied in the negative. She seemed anxious and uneasy, and kept turning her eyes in the direction from whence she appeared to expect them. I asked if she required anything? She thanked me, but replied that she wanted nothing; only she was anxious for her daughter's appearance; she feared accidents when they were late home.

"I should think you could have no cause for fear," I said, "your daughter rides so well."

She assented with a sigh.

"I dare say," she added, "I am foolishly nervous, but my life is a trying and monotonous one, and affords time for idle fears."

I was sorry for her; it was very sad to be helpless and crippled at her age, and with her apparent health, so we gradually fell into conversation. Mrs. Deloraine—I remember what a charming name I thought it—was not very lady-like, still she was not vulgar. I could see she was not a highly-bred person; nevertheless she was interesting and clever, and had a very fascinating way of her own. After a time, the son and daughter returned; they thanked me for my kind attention to their mother, and were so pleasant and agreeable, that I was enchanted with them.

When I returned home, I teased my father to call on the Deloraines. He demurred at first; we knew nothing of these people, he said; it was not wise to pick up acquaintances as one would shells; but I was urgent, and he seldom refused a request made by his motherless girl. He made a few inquiries; ascertained that Mrs. Deloraine and her children lived a quiet, secluded, blameless life in a lonely cottage, on the outskirts of the town; a place which the librarian told him had had the reputation of being haunted, and was let at a low rent; that they paid their bills; and were, apparently, respectable, good people. Then he consented to call on them.

We approached the Deloraines' dwelling through an orchard and pine-grove, so dismal and gloomy in appearance, that I did not wonder at its ghostly repute. The cottage itself was an old house, built partly of wood, partly of brick. A very ill-looking man-servant opened the door, and ushered us into the drawing-room, where we found Mrs. Deloraine and her daughter.

The former was lying on a sofa placed against the folding-doors. She could not rise to receive us, but she greeted my father and me very warmly, and seemed delighted to make our acquaintance. He thought her manner theatrical and studied; but she managed, nevertheless, to please him, and the acquaintance, thus commenced, progressed into intimacy.

We rode together frequently, accompanied by my father and William Deloraine. I am quite sure that dear father never dreamed of anything like love between William and me; he still thought me a mere child; he was too much occupied by his own affairs to observe my gradual advance towards womanhood.

But I was gradually becoming attached to William Deloraine. He was just the sort of man to please an imaginative young lady like myself. Moreover he constantly betrayed his love for myself, and as constantly recalled the manifestation (if I may say so), by a sudden and distant coldness of manner, which piqued and teased me.

But I am not telling a love tale, and therefore will not linger over those tantalizing but bewitching days. On one of them the desired declaration came; William Deloraine, in approved poetic phrase, assured me that he adored me. I referred him, of course, to my father. To my surprise, he hesitated; told me that an unhappy mystery clouded his life;—a fatal secret which he could not as yet even reveal to me; and he implored me to conceal our attachment from my father. Now, though I was very silly and romantic, and William gained an additional hold on my fancy by having a mystery attached to him, I was too honorable a girl to enter into an engagement without my kindest father's sanction, and I said so at once. He was bitterly disappointed, for he hoped I should have consented to an elopement, or secret marriage; and I grew angry at the supposition.

We had a quarrel, but made it up afterwards, of course; and I promised to keep the secret of his avowal from my father, though I would promise nothing more. He declared also that he should keep his secret from his family; but I guessed that he had told Kate, as she looked vexed and disappointed when next I saw her. Nevertheless, our rides went on as usual.

One day when we were all out together Kate and papa behind, William and I in advance, my lover suddenly drew up his horse, sprang to the ground, stooped, and then, holding up a pocket-book, cried,

"Look here, Miss Morton!"

I *did* look in considerable amazement, as I had distinctly seen him draw the pocket-book from his bosom, put it on the ground, and then take it up again. My father riding up, asked what was the matter. William exhibited the pocket-book, saying he had just picked it up. My father advised him to open it and see if the name of the owner was inside. He complied, and they examined it together. There was no name.—The book contained a roll of bank-notes; and William observing that they must advertise it, put it in his pocket. You will wonder that all this time I continued silent. But remember how young I was, and how shy. Besides, I had not the slightest idea what it could all mean; that there was a mystery—a secret—which Deloraine wished to veil under this apparent *trouvaille*, I believed, and since he had not intended to take me into his confidence, I fancied it would be dishonorable to betray him. For his part he had not noticed my silence, but re-mounting, began to chat gayly on indifferent subjects, and was even more than usually fascinating and attractive.

A few days afterwards an advertisement appeared in the local newspapers stating that a gentleman had found a pocket-book on H—— Hill, containing bank-notes, and that they would be restored to the owner on application, provided he could describe the contents of the book, and tell the numbers of the notes. This advertisement appeared daily during the remainder of our stay at the sea-side. My father remarked that Deloraine's honesty put him to a great expense, and that it was singular no one claimed the pocket-book; then we took no further notice of the matter, though I secretly wondered what it could mean.

Once more before we left our sea-side home, Deloraine urged me to become his wife secretly. He was sure, he said, that my father would forgive me when once we were married; and I also should have been sure of that; indeed, I believed he would not have refused his assent at all, even though Deloraine was (as he avowed) poor; for I was a rich Welsh heiress, as you know. However, my lover was as strangely timid as I was confident in my beloved father's goodness; and would have me keep his secret, and wait. Thus we parted without any engagement having been made between us.

I found my home in the Welsh valleys dismal enough when I returned to it. I missed the animation of the bathing place; the society of bonny Kate; the sentimental devotion of her brother. Without excitement, without employment, I grew weary of my dull existence, and called my *ennui* disappointed love. After all, my dear, if the busy young ladies of this part of the century don't do much real good to others, they do something for themselves in keeping their minds employed. It is astonishing how much foolish love imaginations are thus kept in check. As for me, I gave way to the vainest regrets and the most profitless day-dreaming. I cast from me God's great gift of time sinfully, recklessly—my sole occupation being that of writing long letters to Kate, which she rarely answered. But one cannot be idle and discontented with impunity. I was naturally delicate, and I began to pay for my vain imaginings the tax of loss of health and good looks. My poor father was alarmed for me. He called in a physician, and as the doctor could not detect the real cause of my lassitude, he judiciously banished me, and sent me again to the sea-side. We had only been absent from it five months. It was March (close to the assize time) when we again took possession of our former lodgings; but much had happened during that period to "startle" the place "from its propriety."—My maid came to undress me the night of our arrival, quite eager to communicate her news.

"Oh, ma'am," she cried; "you remember the Miss Deloraine you used to ride with when we were last here, and her brother?"

"Of course," I replied, with a beating heart. "What of them?"

"Well, ma'am, they say Mr. William is taken up for forgery, and will be hanged."

I nearly fainted; but my pride upheld me in my servan'ts presence.

"What nonsense!" I said; "how can you repeat such idle scandal."

"Well, I don't believe it, of course; but the poor gentleman is in prison at A——, on the charge. They say that no end of forged notes have been passed here, and all have been traced back to Mr. Deloraine, his servant, or the ladies."

I was horror-struck. I did not believe it; still I doubted. I had not heard from Kate for a long time, and assuredly there must be some ground of suspicion to cause William's detention in prison, if he were really there. When I saw my father next morning, I told him Sarah's tale. He was greatly astonished, and declared he would ascertain its truth, by riding over to A—— after breakfast.

How long, how miserable the hours were till he returned! But he came with a bright face; his heart relieved from a load of kind anxiety.

"It is quite true that the poor lad is in prison," he said, in reply to my eager inquiries; "but by a mere accident. You remember his finding a pocket-book? Well, he was so imprudent—being pressed for money, he says—as to use some of those notes, intending to keep the numbers, and return the amount he spent, if they were ever claimed; but they proved to be forged; and he is taken up for passing them. He had actually directed his lawyer to appeal to us as witnesses of the manner in which he obtained them, and the letter is gone to Bryn Gellert."

My heart ceased beating for the moment as I remembered how I had seen Deloraine take the book from his own bosom; but I was quite silent. Between horror and fear I could not speak.

My father continued:

"I have promised, of course, to appear for him; and probably *you* may be called on—"

"Oh! don't let them call me! I can't—I can't," said I, in an agony.

"Well, of course, it is unpleasant for a young lady to appear in a court of justice, and if I can prevent it you shall not; but we must not let proprieties peril a fellow-creature's life."

I made no reply. I would not for worlds have deprived Deloraine of my father's testimony in his favor. And how could he give it if I spoke? Forgery was then punished with death. Could I voluntarily condemn, by my own words, the man whom I loved, to the gallows? I was wretched; distracted by doubt, fear, and horror, when my heart was wrung by receiving a letter from William (forwarded by the gaol chaplain,) in which he thanked me for my kind remembrance of him, and said, how it pleased him, amidst all his trouble, to think that it was *my* testimony that would acquit him, for I had seen him find the fatal pocket-book. Imagine, if you can, my distress. I dared not write and tell him that I *knew* he did not find it, lest my letter should be read before it was given to him. I could only be silent on the subject, and urge my father to keep me from the public court, and prevent my being subpœnaed as a witness. Alas! it was in vain!

She paused—moved by the old sad memory.

"What did you do?" we asked.

The trial came on, (she continued.) It was distinctly proved that the Deloraine family and their servant had passed false notes, and that William had purchased a diamond ornament of a jeweller in London, and paid for it with a forged note. This tradesman was the chief witness against him. For his defence Deloraine declared, as he had told my father, that he had found the notes; and had merely borrowed their present use. My father was called to testify to the fact, and to state what he thought of Deloraine's character. The latter statement was of course favorable, but on cross-examination it was proved that my father had not actually seen William pick up the book, and to my horror and despair I was put into the witness-box. I can never forget it! At this minute I can see Deloraine's eager look at me—his look of love and trust and hope. A word from me would give him life!—a word consign him to the gallows? It was an awful temptation. But I dared not fail in truth; I could not—no, thank God! I was not perjured. I tried to hold the truth back; at least, I answered reluctantly; but my cross examination was severe, and when the counsel for the prosecution asked me—"Did you actually see William Deloraine find the book?" I almost shrieked my fatal "No!"

"Did you see him take it from his own person?"

There was a pause. I gasped out—"I did!" And then I heard a wild, piercing cry from the prisoner. I remember no more, for I fainted, and was carried out of court. Deloraine was condemned to death. He confessed his crime, my father told me; and showed much earnestness in acquitting his mother and Kate of all share in it. They were consequently set at liberty, for they, also, had been under restraint.

But I was miserable. I felt like a murderess, and besought my father, as he ever hoped to see me happy again, to procure a commutation of the sentence. We had powerful friends; and Mr. Morton used such exertions, that, difficult as the task was at that time, he achieved it; and the sentence of Deloraine was changed into transportation for life. All this dreadful anxiety increased my previous indisposition, and it became impossible for me to return home, as my father wished, when the trial and his subsequent efforts were over. So we remained by the sea-side. One day I received, to my astonishment, a letter from Kate Deloraine; it was full of gratitude for my father's goodness in saving her brother from the last rigor of the law; and of regrets over his blighted life and their own ruined prospects. She did not blame me for the part I had had in his conviction. She pitied me for it, and said poor William admired my unshaken truthfulness.

"And now, dear Jane, she concluded, "I am going to urge one last request. We are about to leave England forever, to hide our shame and sorrow in a strange land.—We go to-morrow. Will you come to the old cottage (to which mamma and I have returned) and bid them a last farewell, and hear a message poor William left, which will explain and extenuate, in a degree, his sad fault?"

This letter touched me deeply. I greatly desired to see Kate once more, to assure her how cruelly I had felt the dreadful duty cast on me, and to hear something more of William Deloraine. My father was from home; he had gone to spend a few days with a friend some ten or twelve miles off, and and was not to return till the next day, or perhaps the following one. If he had been at home, assuredly I should not have been permitted to go, but as it was, my girlish enthusiasm, my lingering pity and tenderness for the convict William, induced me to comply. It was all very silly and romantic, I know; but so it was.

The cottage was within a walk, and not liking to expose the unhappy Deloraines to the curious gaze of servants, I determined to go alone, and for the same reason did not tell any of them whither I was going.

It was a chilly, windy April afternoon, about four o'clock, when I started on my walk.

I hurried along, and, in about an hour's time, found myself in the lane leading to the cottage. It was certainly a very lonely place, and now association added to its natural gloom.

The grove had been much trodden and the trees broken in the search made by the Bow Street officers for graving-tools, &c., (which, however, they had failed to find,) and altogether it looked very wretched and depressing. Just opposite the eastern gable of the dwelling, was an old oak of great size, which I was obliged to pass in approaching the door. As I glanced at it, I perceived a hole of cavity recently dug or uncovered (for I had never noticed it before) close to the root.

Why, I never knew, but the sight of it made me shiver, and altogether a strong feeling (perhaps induced by the dreariness of the place), made me turn back. Just as I did so, Kate Deloraine emerged from behind the tree and stood before me.

She was sadly altered, very pale and thin, and she shed bitter tears as I embraced her. I walked into the house with her.—The drawing-room was empty; the sofa moved; the folding-doors opened.

"You miss my mother," she said; "she is in her room, very ill; but she trusts that you will go up and see her—"

I assented, and then very timidly asked for William. She said he was about to sail for Botany Bay with the next party of convicts; that he was patient and resigned, and bore his fate better than could have been expected.

"Poor fellow!" she added, with real feeling, "he is very young, and was badly trained. I declare to you, Miss Morton, we never, either of us, knew what goodness was till we became acquainted with you."

I looked, doubtless, as I was, astonished.

"No! our parents educated us without any principle," she continued, "and though poor William so generously acquitted his family of all complicity in his guilt, they did not deserve it."

At this minute the ill-looking man-servant opened the door and said Mrs. Deloraine would be glad to see me alone in the north parlor, an upper sitting-room in the gable end of the house. I did not know how to refuse, though Kate's revelation had made me feel very uncomfortable. So I followed the man up stairs into the little parlor where she and I had been wont to sit and talk and work during our brief intimacy. There was no one there; but James, muttering that Mrs. Deloraine would come directly, placed a chair for me and left the room, closing the door after him. I walked to the window, and looked out. The casement (it was nothing more) opened upon that part of the shrubbery in which the old oak, with its suspicious earth-hole, stood. As it caught my eye, the same misgiving I had felt just before, rushed on my mind. Was I looking at my own grave?—— Very uneasy, I walked at once to the door determined to go away immediately, but, on turning the handle, I found it was no longer possible for me to *do* so—I was locked in! Obeying a first impulse I shook the door violently, and called loudly to be let out. No voice answered me.

I looked round the room; there was no other door, though, I remembered; and the window was too high up for me to jump out on the top of the veranda; yet even *that* I might be obliged to dare. I was evidently at the mercy of these people, whose aim in luring me thither, and making me a prisoner, must of course be to rob or murder me. With renewed fear I gazed out of the window on the gathering twilight. The wind moaned and sobbed round the old house, and shook the ill-fitting casement. I opened it and called for help as loudly as I could; but the breeze blowing full in my face nearly stifled my voice; and, save the old trees which creaked and bowed their huge heads towards me, I saw no living thing outside.

Twilight deepened into night, and I sank on my knees and prayed fervently for help in my hour of sore peril. I rose, strengthened with a new hope and fresh courage. I felt that I had enlisted a mighty defender on my side.

At last, after a period of suspense which appeared years to me, I heard footsteps advancing to the door; the key turned in the lock, and Mrs. Deloraine—no cripple, but an agile, powerful woman—entered, followed by James, bearing a light and an inkstand.

"What is your meaning in thus making me a prisoner?" I asked, firmly.

"I should think your own conscience would tell you, traitress!" was the reply. "Betrayer of my darling boy! The death he so narrowly escaped would be too good for you."

"But he owes that escape to me, Mrs. Deloraine."

"Yes! he is to live, that you may not suffer remorse. I understand it all. But what kind of life?—that of a felon!—my boy!—my pride!"

She clasped her hands passionately. The man whispered sullenly in her ear.

"You are right," she said, "put down the ink, and get yonder writing-case. I suppose Miss Morton does not travel with a cheque-book in her pocket?"

"For once she does," I answered, steadily. "I feared poor Kate might need assistance, and put it in my pocket."

And I drew it out.

"That is well!" she said, sternly. "Sit down and write a cheque for five hundred pounds."

I complied readily. I had but fifty of my own allowance in my banker's hands; for I had spent liberally of late, and had no present command of the large fortune I inherited. I felt convinced that her rapacity would defeat its object, for the banker would make inquiries before he cashed such a cheque. But the same thought had evidently occurred also to the man.

"It is too much!" he said, slowly, "fifty will be enough for our immediate wants.—We dare not present a larger cheque."

With a murmur, Mrs. Deloraine put the first cheque in her pocket, and desired me to write another—perhaps she kept the five hundred for some future opportunity.

"That will do," said the man, taking the second; "now, come,"—to his mistress—"we have no time to lose."

They turned to leave the room.

"You will allow me to go home now?" I asked.

"That is so probable!" said the woman, sarcastically. "That you may betray us again."

"But I will pledge you my honor not to send after you, or give any clue to what has passed."

"Oh! but you may be put upon your oath!" cried Mrs. Deloraine, mockingly.

"That is impossible, unless I gave information of my imprisonment; as for the money, it is a free gift—I intended to help you, as I told you."

She sneered again.

"No doubt! Nevertheless as you might repent of it, we will not try you. Now listen! I hated you from the time you won my boy's heart from me, and marred his young life forever; and I swore, when I heard that you had betrayed him, to avenge him. I do so now! With the money you have given us, Kate and I will follow him to his place of exile. We shall have a success there, I fancy! For you,—you will remain in this room. It is not known in the town that we are here now; we were supposed to have left yesterday, therefore no tradespeople are likely to come near the house—in fact they have not troubled us with calls lately,—and as there is no food in the larder, and you might be starved, we shall lay a train to the house and put a slow match to it, in order that by the time we are safe off, the flames may bring you deliverers, or put you out of your misery."

And she laughed a horrible, mocking laugh.

"You will not surely be so cruel," I cried, in an agony of fear. "You are but frightening me."

"You will see! Good-bye, Miss Morton; thus I return our obligations to you."

And forcibly releasing her arm from the clasp with which I sought to detain her, she left the room. I strove to get out of it at the same time; but the man pushed me in again with an oath, and I heard them lock and bolt the door after them.

Thus I was left to the anticipation of a lingering, horrible death. I opened the window and called for help again and again in vain. No one could hear me save those monsters. At last I sank on a seat, and grew calm from exhaustion.

Very slowly the hours passed. I sat watching the wide space between the ill-fitting door and the floor, expecting every moment to see the red, dull glare of fire through it; but the gray dawn stole into the room, and still I saw no sign of the threatened conflagration. I was unharmed; only exhausted by want of rest, want of food, and that most horrible expectation.

The light grew, and there was still no perceptible fire. I began to hope that the match had gone out;—that I was safe. Alas! I was deceived. The house had ignited long ago, but the old damp wood smouldered slowly. By-and-by, when it was again near evening, I saw the red gleam I had so feared on the threshold, and I heard the rush and the hiss of the flames. A few moments, and the door would catch, and I must perish. Once more I rushed to the still open casement, and looked out.

Should I spring at the peril of my life to the veranda?" There was nothing else left for me, and I was preparing to take a leap that might have been fatal, when a voice called to me from below.

"Stop, stop, Jane! Wait, I will save you!"

And I saw Kate Deloraine mounting a garden ladder placed against the veranda.

I watched her breathlessly. She ascended with ease, drew it up after her, and raised it to the window. I was out and on it, in a moment; I can scarcely tell how the descent was achieved, but I stood in safety at the bottom clasping Kate's hand.

"We have not a moment to lose," she gasped. "I escaped them at our last stage, but when they find I am gone, they will guess why and where, and will follow me."

At that moment we heard a sound of approaching wheels in the lane. I was so weak I could scarcely move; and she had to pull me and lead me to a fly standing near, in which she placed me. I observed that there was a crowd of people round the burning cottage, endeavoring to extinguish the flames—but we drove off apparently unnoticed.

"I am so sorry," said poor Kate, "that I should have been made the instrument of placing you in such peril, Miss Morton. When my mother told me I might write to bid you farewell, and ask you here, if I pleased, I had no notion she intended so awful a crime—nor did I know that they had left you in the cottage when we left it. But when they thought we were safe, my mother boasted of the revenge she had taken on you. Then I seized the first opportunity to escape from them, and returned in the same fly we are now in; leaving it in the lane while I sought for you. I feared they would have pursued me, but I was mistaken. Probably they thought if I returned to you it would be too late—or James feared to venture back. The wheels we heard were those of the approaching fire engine."

I shuddered—these people had been my friends! I would never blame English caution and reserve in future.

But by this time we reached my home. We found the servants in a great state of alarm at my disappearance; they had sent off for my father, though he was not yet arrived—and every search was making for me.

I was so exhausted that Kate, who placed me with great tenderness on a sofa, had to feed me; and to give me wine slowly; and before my father returned, I had sunk into a profound sleep, from which I did not awake for hours.

When I did, I found him sitting beside me. He embraced me with joy and gratitude, and was eager to know where I had been, and what had befallen me—as all that the servants could tell him was that Miss Deloraine had brought me back, very faint and ill.

I related my adventure, and he grew pale with horror and indignation as he listened. He vowed he would have the monsters traced, and as severely punished as their crimes deserved.

"But where is poor Kate?" I asked.

"She was gone when I arrived," he answered. "Sarah says she left directly you fell asleep, telling the servants not to wake you, as you had had great fatigue and excitement. She left this note for you.

And he gave me a little twisted paper written in pencil.

"Adieu, Miss Morton," she wrote, "forgive me. You will never see me again. I go to the Continent to earn my living, as I was wont to do before I knew you, by riding in a circus. That woman's crime has separated me from her for ever. Pray sometimes for poor Kate."

"Poor thing!" we said. "And what became of her?"

"We never knew," replied Mrs. Denison. "My father advertised for her, offering in the advertisement to provide for her if she would let us know where she was; but probably, she never saw the paper containing it."

"And that horrible Mrs. Deloraine and the man-servant? Were they ever found and punished?"

She shook her head.

"No. We had no railways, no electric telegraphs in those days. They escaped. Probably they went to Australia. We never heard of them again. By degrees we forgot the whole affair, or rather never thought about it. But you will allow I had a very narrow escape."

[illegible] was full, and the tears filled h sweet blue eyes, as she listened to the sto of the poor soldier's sufferings, when si and wounded, so far from all the de friends that would watch over and comf them.

"How I wish I could do something f them," said little Annie.

"Well, daughter," said her mother, "t orchard is overladen this year, and it is busy time all round. If you choose to about the task of helping to gather appl you shall have every tenth basket you for the soldiers. Father will barrel them and send them to the society for you as so as they are ready."

☞ **Pleasing Others.**—To offend r body, we should have no ideas but those the world; a man is then without geni and without enemies. If our opinions a contrary to those generally received, shock the vanity of the greater numbe Take here the grand secret—if not of ple sing all, yet of displeasing none; court m diocrity, avoid originality, and sacrifice fashion and custom.

☞ A Maine man offers $3,000 for th original copy of the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and an agent of the Br tish Museum offers £2,500 sterling for it.

☞ Bright yellow cloaks with scarl hoods, scarlet cloaks with yellow hood blue cloaks with white hoods, purple cloak with orange hoods, and striped and checke ed cloaks with crimson hoods, are all th rage in New York.

☞ Nothing teaches patience like a ga n. You may go round and watch th

THE QUESTION,

AND HOW TO POP IT.

"This paper is a great favorite with the men," said a friend of mine the other day.

Now, this being the case, it must be exactly the vehicle I have been long seeking, through which to express my views and give my advice on the important subject of the best method of performing the useful ceremony of making a proposal of marriage, or laying hand, heart and fortune, at the feet of some "faire ladye," or offering yourself, or, in plain language, popping the question.

"Aw thought you wawnted me to pawp," drawled the good-hearted noodle, Captain Kenealy, to the beauty of Mr. Reade's sprightly novel.

I declare, I almost believe that every man thinks it of every woman. Accordingly, they should be thankful for the advice and directions of such an experienced *poppee* as myself. For I am an old campaigner; for years a close student of humanity and society, and in my day I have had a score of good offers, of all sorts and kinds. I might almost say, of all shapes and sizes—for some were long and some were short, some were square and open, and some were low and crooked as possible. But that is neither here nor there, and is only mentioned in passing, to prove my competence for the task here undertaken.

I feel the more the great importance of my mission, that I have observed that this matter is rarely treated with the consideration it deserves.

No book has been written on the theme, no lectures delivered; it is little discussed in society, and men, instead of giving to each other the result of their experience in this line, as they would in the stock market, are prone, with gross selfishness and disregard to the interests of humanity, to maintain a profound silence in reference to their personal adventures. Yet there is, after all, some excuse for the reticence of the poor fellows on this point. Vain as the sex generally is, I think that every man is willing to acknowledge that he is but a ludicrous creature when popping the question. In that hour of female triumph, how sweet to see a great, big, stalwart, bearded fellow, whom you do really reverence in your heart of hearts, because you believe he is not afraid of anything—to see him look flustered and uncomfortable and show more nervous apprehension in the presence of one delicate girl than he would before a roaring battery in the heat of battle; to know that he dreads the flash of your harmless eyes more than the glitter of a hundred sabres, and to be sure that he would almost rather be shot down where he stands than hear you utter the one short word, "No!" How he stutters and stammers! what incoherent remarks he makes, bursting out with, "Brignoli was careless last night in 'Traviata,'" or, "Lovely day for the Central Park," just as you think he has almost reached the momentous point! How red in the face he grows, and what a hopeless picture of complete subjugation he presents to his serene conqueror, who is almost always able to maintain at least an outer show of calmness! That's the way it is, and ridiculous enough men are on that one occasion, if never again in their lives. I once heard of an honest fellow who, having made up his mind that his hour had come, clapped his hand over the lady's eyes and then asked, tremulously, "Will you marry me, Mary?"—thus preventing her from seeing his miserable anxiety.

As I have said, men have generally a painful consciousness of their being victims to the women this once, and I verily believe this is the real reason why so many of them abuse their wives. Whenever this happens, be sure the man made a specially absurd exhibition of himself in popping the question, and is avenging himself ever since.

After all, then, it is no wonder that no man will tell the story of his own sufferings, but each one waits for that forlorn, unmanly satisfaction of seeing the next comer put his foot in the same trap. The women don't tell, because their triumphs would be over. So nobody says anything about it, and *that* is the reason this great subject is not properly handled in print. Even the novelists, who should be able to give much valuable information in the matter, often slur it over altogether, or foist upon an abused public some silly love-scene as the correct thing. One writer (who I regret to say, has, notwithstanding, attained to considerable *popularity*,) has gone so far as to pass over all his offers in pretty nearly a stereotyped form, as thus: After describing the final happy hour when all the absurd misunderstandings which have embittered the lives of the hero and heroine, and excited the readers for three hundred pages, are done away with by a little common sense, which, of course, only appears at the last moment, instead of describing minutely what the lover wore and what he said, how he looked and how he behaved, has passed over that important moment, by some such form of words as, "And their mutual vows were sealed by a kiss;" or, "And opening his arms, she pillowed her head on that breast that was to be her resting-place forevermore." Can anything be more ridiculous and unjustifiable? It may be all very well to look forward to that kiss, and I fancy there are few young men who would object to "take tickets" for that part of the novelist's programme; but what are these mysterious "mutual vows?" Did they have a constable and a Bible in the front parlor, or the arbor, or at the seaside, or wherever this scene happened to be? And again, under the second formula, are we to conclude that the young lady's head did, in truth, forevermore remain on the gentleman's breast, and that the two struggled through life in that sort of Siamese-twin posture? It is really melancholy to think how shamefully any novelist abuses his position by such slovenly work.

Now then for my code, which shall fill up this terrible blank in literature and the exact sciences, and insure success to all its students.

First—As to Time, I would strongly advise the evening; in the morning women are apt to be occupied—have, probably, some sewing to do, and, perchance, are not so tastefully dressed as at a later hour of the day. Evening is the time for all sorts of amusements—love-making as well as dancing. It is a general axiom of polite society, that a kiss any time before twelve o'clock is as much out of place as a glass of champagne, or a ball-dress; by all means, then, let it be in the evening. You will be sure to find your hypothetical darling more smiling and propitious then than at any other time.

Secondly, As to Place—a next important consideration. Don't let it be on the spur of the moment at any time; it is a matter that requires too much thought for that; therefore, on no account slur over so solemn an affair by slipping it in during the pauses of a play, or the *entre acts* of an opera. Nor would I advise you to attempt a proposal while out walking, especially in the city; a moonlight stroll in the country might do, but care should then be taken that you first pause, so that every consideration of seclusion and quiet be secured, and when the proper moment for taking the lady's hand, or even stealing the kiss aforesaid comes, there may be no danger of interruption or *espionage*. But a walk under any circumstances is open to one grand objection—that, in case of a refusal, the unfortunate rejected must accompany his rejector to her home, and I leave those who can look back on such an experience to paint the awkwardness of the situation. Indeed, this same possibility of a refusal deserves always to be taken into consideration; it is the one privilege which the men—thank the stars!—have left to the women, and in love as in war, a skillful general should always provide the means of a skillful retreat in case he is defeated. In such a campaign it will not do to burn the ships and cut off all possibility of escape—here as elsewhere, better the policy of McClellan than of Hooker. For the same reason that a walk is objectionable, a ride on horseback is also out of the question, and a drive in a buggy is liable to the same fault; though, if you are *sure* of a favorable answer, one of those nice little wagons is a capital place, especially if you have a horse sufficiently gentle to permit you to *waist* one arm. A trip on a railroad car is again quite out of my view, though I have heard it whispered that we have an illustrious precedent in one of our greatest generals for making a car the scene of a courtship, which in his case was as successful as has been everything else he has undertaken, when, as on this occasion, he was not interfered with.

Having now narrowed down my consideration of places by dismissing a great many as ineligible, every one who has followed me thus far, must have come to the conclusion that the choice of position is after all very limited. A ball-room is, of course, out of the question, though an interval of promenade on the piazza or lawn between the dances may do very well; but, after all, the true place is the lady's own parlor; there you can find her alone, there you can present your case for her consideration with all the importance it merits, there if her answer is favorable, you can readily kiss—her hand; and if the answer is unfavorable, from thence you can beat your retreat speedily, and with as much grace as is possible under the circumstances. Let no scoffer lightly smile at these valuable suggestions. I have known a great deal to depend on the time and place of an offer. I once heard a sparkling belle declare that she would accept any man who offered himself to her in the arbor that stood on her lawn, on a moonlight evening, when the roses and honeysuckles were in bloom, and although, to my certain knowledge, she did in truth accept a man who proposed by a roaring fire on a January night, still, nevertheless, this proves how important it might have been.

Third: as to Circumstance. It is only necessary for me, under this head, to offer a very few suggestions. No man of delicacy would think of addressing a lady in deep mourning; he would wait for signs in her costume of mitigated grief before agitating her by this important suggestion. Nor need I more than allude to the impropriety of making a proposal while you are suffering from a cold in the head, or when your lady love is similarly tried, as that might give rise to serious misunderstandings—the most emphatic "No!" becoming, perhaps, the rather equivocal sound of "Do!"

But I need say no more on this topic; the many weighty arguments which might be adduced under the heads I have hinted, must suggest themselves to every man of feeling.

You have doubtless noticed that in all I have yet written, I have made no reference to the possibility of a proposal by letter, and this simply because I consider any such idea entirely out of the question, except under the direst necessity. It is but a cowardly way of avoiding "the scratch," on the man's part, at best, and to expect any woman of refinement to *write* a favorable answer to a man's offer, to say in awful white and black that she will actually accept him, is absurd. Nothing but the most exceptional state of the matrimonial stock market, the premium on husbands rating unusually high, would induce any lady of position to give up so much of her prerogatives as to send a man a note of acceptance. The most graceful reply I ever heard of being given in such a contingency, was that of Miss Mary Stoddard, the daughter of a reverend divine in ancient New England. She was wooed by another parson, one John Mix, and having decided—for husbands *were* scarce in those days—to give a favorable answer, wrote as follows:—

Rev. John Mix, Fairfield, Conn.:—
Yes. Mary Stoddard.

This may, I think, be regarded as a model—at once short, sweet, and epigrammatic.

In conclusion, then, I have only to advise a careful attention to the rules laid down above, and I can quite confidently predict that any man adhering to them will be successful, especially if he have a due amount of pluck, which last is a most important attribute under such circumstances. Bear in mind then, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," that "faint heart never won fair lady," and then, in the words of the immortal Chicken, you will be sure to "Go in and win."

To the diffident I have nothing to say, or can only give them the advice a lady once gave a bashful friend of hers, who long delayed proposing to a handsome widow. She suggested that as he dreaded the performance so much he should first take chloroform.

An Old Campaigner.

—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing of our experience except we muse upon it.

☞ A silk bonnet in Richmond costs $200—gloves $10 a pair.

☞ A bill in the British Parliament forbids all punishments in public schools, save the birch.

☞ **Curious.**—It is said that a bank-note printed in blue on a yellow ground is the only one which cannot be re-produced by photography.

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A MORNING VISIT.

Long before day, Jude Lekir was on his feet. He rose without noise, fearful of waking his master who was sleeping as men do at twenty-five after a long and fatiguing journey. Though the dawn did not yet light up the thick night of the interminable corridors, Jude found his way without difficulty. He had been born at the castle, and had lived in it for forty years. Leaving the grand staircase, he reached the pantry, and took a narrow passage that led to the rooms of the under-servants. Many things had changed in the customs of Tremlays, but the rooms of the servants had kept their primitive arrangement. But for that, the excellent memory of Jude would have been no great help to him. He counted three doors in the inner gallery of the domestics, and knocked at the fourth. It may be believed that Dame Goton Rehou, did not receive visitors at an hour so unseasonable. The good dame was sixty; at that age, housekeepers fear nothing but robbers. She was sleeping or deaf. Jude received no response. He struck again, and louder.

"Blessed Jesus!" said the hoarse voice of the old dame. "Is the castle on fire?"

"It is I; it is Jude," murmured he, knocking again; "it is Jude Leker."

Goton was no silly, weak woman. She seized a club, and set about opening the door, though her ear, dull by age, had not caught a syllable of Jude's words.

"Get off with you! get off with you? If it be the wolves, I shall talk to them of old Treml, and they will not touch a straw in the house which was his; if it be spirits—"

She made the sign of the cross, and stopped.

"Open now!" said Jude.

"If you are spirits, well—I would like the wolves better."

She opened the door, armed with the cudgel.

"Who is here?" said she.

"Hush, dame; silence, in the name of God!"

"Who are you?" repeated the dauntless old woman, lifting her club.

Jude seized it, entered, and shut the door.

"A man whose name must not be repeated without necessity, in the house of Treml," he replied.

"The house of Treml," repeated Goton, who felt her heart leap up at this name; "thanks, whoever you may be. It is twenty years since I have heard its true name given to this house where Hervey de Vannoy lives."

Jude took her hand in the dark; that of Goton met him half way. She had no need of seeing him. It was like a Masonic salute between these two faithful dependants.

"But who are you, who remembers Treml?"

Jude told his name.

"Jude!" cried Goton; forgetting all prudence. "Jude Leker, equerry of our lord! Oh! let me see you, my man; let me see you!"

Trembling and hurried, she ran, groping, seeking for the steel of her tinder-box, and not finding it. At length her lamp was kindled. She looked at Jude long, and as if in an ecstacy.

"And he," said she, "are we to see him again?"

"Dead," replied Jude, "dead!"

Goton threw herself on her knees, joined her hands, and recited a De Profundis. Big tears coursed their way slowly along her wrinkled cheek. Who ever saw her at that moment, must have been much moved, for nothing affects us more deeply than the tears that trickle down a rough face; and he who passes smiling before two beautiful eyes in tears, grows pale and suffers when he sees the eyelid of a soldier moistened. Jude was silent while Goton prayed. It seemed as though he wished now to prolong his incertitude, and that he recoiled, in dread, before the revelation which he had come to seek. When he spake, it was with a voice that trembled with pain and fear.

"And the little master?" he said at last, with an effort.

"George Treml?" said the dame; "twenty years have passed since I saw him for the last time, dear, noble child, smiling and holding out to me his little arms from his cradle!"

"Dead! dead, too! do you say," cried Jude, whose strong frame grew feeble. He put his two hands before his face. His breast heaved with a rending sob.

"I do not say so," cried Goton. "No, I do not say so. And God keep me from thinking so! However—alas! Jude, my friend, for twenty years I have hoped, and each year wears out my hope."

Jude fixed his eyes on her. He did not understand.

"Yes," replied she; "I would fain hope. I say to myself: some day I will see our little master come back, tall and strong, his head high, his look haughty, his sword by his side. Alas! alas! I have kept on saying this so long."

"But, dame, what do you actually know of the fate of George Treml?"

"I know—I know nothing, my man. One evening,—come nearer, for it does not do to say this aloud,—one evening, Hervey de Vannoy rushed back all pale, and with a haggard eye. He told us that the child was drowned in the pond. We all ran; they searched the bottom of the water; but the body of our little George was not found."

Jude listened, with beating heart; with staring eyes.

"Is it on this," interrupted he, "that you found your hope?"

"No. Do you remember a poor idiot of the forest whom they called the white rabbit?"

"I remember John Blanc, dame."

"Poor soul, he loved Treml almost as much as we loved him."

"But, George, George!" interrupted Jude.

"Well, John Blanc told strange things in the forest. He said that Hervey de Vannoy had thrown the little master into the water with his own hands."

"He said so!" cried Jude, whose eyes flashed with rage.

"He said so, yes—and, though he passed for a poor fool, I believe he always spoke the truth when he spoke of Treml. But this is not all. John Blanc added, that he had plunged into the pond, and had brought out George, senseless."

"Ah," said the good equerry, with a long sigh of happiness.

"No sooner had he done so," went on the dame, "than he was seized with one of his fits, and the poor child was left alone on the grass. And when the white rabbit came back, the child was gone. It is twenty years since then."

Jude remained an instant like a man struck down to the earth.

"Where is John Blanc," said he, at length. "I must see him."

"Poor creature," said the dame, "it was bad for him to dare the wrath of a powerful man. Hervey de Vannoy got wind of the reports that ran in the forest. He set the tax-gatherers on Matthew Blanc and his son. The old man died; the son disappeared. Some say he became a wolf."

"I have heard that word before. Who may the wolves be, then?"

"They are Bretons, who defend and avenge themselves. People give them this name, because their retreat is near the Wolf-Den. They themselves try to warrant the nickname; which frightens cowards. Their masks are wolf skins; their chief alone wears a white mask."

"I will find them," said Jude.

The old woman reflected a moment.

"Listen," said she. "There is a man in the forest who can perhaps tell you if John Blanc still lives. This man is a Breton, although pretending at times to speak as if his heart were French. I recollect that when he came to settle on this side of the forest, the makers of our wooden shoes, said that his daughter, then a child, had all the features of a daughter of John Blanc. Some even assert that they recognized her."

"Where can I find this man?"

"His cabin is a hundred feet or so from our Lady of Mid Forest."

"His name?"

"Pelo Rouan, the charcoal-maker."

The day began to break. The lamp grew pale in the first rays of the dawn.

"Good-bye, and thank you, dame," said Jude. "I will see Pelo Rouan before an hour is out."

He shook the dame's hand and went away.

"May God be with you," she exclaimed; "may you be able to bring back to his domains the heir of Treml."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DREAMS.

When Jude, after having traversed the corridors, returned to the room where he had passed the night, the captain still slept. His face, calm and smiling, announced that complete happiness which one tastes some times in dreams, and not elsewhere. Jude looked at him for a moment.

"A loyal hearted youth," thought he; "his features bold and lofty recall old Treml to me in those days when his moustache was black. He is happy, he! I would willingly give all my blood to see Mr. George in his place."

Jude put on his large travelling cloak in order to conceal his features, if need were. The first rays of the rising sun played on the silk of the curtains. At the moment when Jude girt on his sword to set out, Didier moved on his bed.

"Alice," murmured he.

"Look; there are in the court all the domestics," said Jude to himself; "I'll find it difficult to pass them unperceived."

"Marie," murmured Didier.

Jude looked at him with a smile.

"Bravo! my young master!" thought he; "are you dreaming of a second, now?"

Didier awoke and sat up.

"Is it you, friend Jude?" said he, after having cast his looks round the room as if had expected to see some other face; "I believe I was dreaming." His eye fell by chance on the old curtains which sunrays were shining through. His smile forsook him. "The poets have good cause," said he, as if talking to himself, "to [illegible] the joys of a return to a paternal roof. I, who have no family to which I belong, feel here [illegible] foretaste to that bliss. The illusion increases. It seems to me as if I had seen, when a child, the autumn sun play on silk curtains just such as these. Strange feeling! I, who have had no father, feel here a distinct recollection, as it were, of kisses, of tender caresses, of sweet words. My heart melts in contact with these new thoughts. My eyes long to weep, Jude."

"Do you suffer?" said the other, approaching instantly.

"No," replied he; "far from it. This strange anguish is full of sweetness. Come, a cloud has past over the sun; the charm is gone. I am Captain Didier once more, and I am ready to swear that I saw, when a child, more curtains of woolen cloth than curtains of silk. Go, my man, I shall not keep you longer." Didier, shaking off his dreamy langor, had jumped out of bed.

Jude, before starting, threw a look into the court, and recognized Master Allan talking with Lapierre.

"It is too late, now," said he, "to avoid being seen. I see down yonder a man whose eyes I am anxious to escape."

"Who?" demanded Didier, approaching the window.

"I do not know whether he has changed his name, but in my time they called him Master Allan. The elder of these two."

"Well, if that one is your enemy, the other is mine."

"A valet, your enemy?"

"Does that surprise you? Must I tell you once more that I am not a gentleman born? That valet is the only being in the world who knows who I am. He refuses to tell me. Look here!" Didier, who was not yet dressed, rolled back his undergarment, and showed a scar quite recent in the back of his shoulder.

"It is a wound traitorously inflicted, and by the hand of a wretch," said Jude, frowning.

"You say true; and I have every reason to believe that the wretch is yonder man; but though I am not noble, I am a soldier, and my hand will never stoop to such as he."

"For my part," said Jude, with indifference, "I am a valet; say the word, and I will chastise him."

"What! You are forgetting George Treml," cried Didier, smiling. "On my honor, there is a fine bloom of chivalry in these old Breton hearts. Let us think of your young master, my brave friend. I know not what you wish to try for his service; that is your secret. But I have promised to help you and help you I will. Let us go down together. Mr. de Vannoy is too submissive a subject of his majesty for his attendants to dare to look more closely than I choose at the servant of a captain of the mounted police."

Jude threw his mantle over his person, and descended, followed by the captain. Allan and Lapierre were still in the court-yard. They bowed with respect to Didier, who touched his hat carelessly.

"Let one of you saddle my servant's horse," said he.

Lapierre hastened to obey. The major-domo remained. "My comrade," he said to Jude, "does your illness require you to have always your face hidden? The people of Treml have not yet been able to bid you welcome."

"What do people here say about the wolves, master?" demanded Didier, to extricate Jude from the embarrassment of replying.

"They say they are accursed beasts, captain. Won't you have a glass of cider, my comrade?"

"What employments do the people of the forest carry on?" demanded Didier again.

"Captain," replied Allen, with a bad grace, "they make hoops, charcoal, and wooden shoes. Come now, comrade," added he, showing his vade mecum, that is to say, his tin bottle—"do you prefer a drop of brandy?"

He was interrupted by Lapierre, who led forth Jude's horse; who instantly flung himself into the saddle; in which movement his cloak was removed a little. The major-domo who was on the watch, could see a part of his face.

"I am sure I have seen him somewhere," growled he to himself; but where? I am getting old."

"You will join me to-morrow at Rennes, my man," cried Didier. "Now to your journey; and good fortune to you."

Jude did not need to have the order repeated. He struck both spurs into his steed, and set off at the gallop. When he had passed the gate of the court-yard, the captain turned to the two serving men.

"You are curious, master," said he to Allan. "A troublesome fault; bad for your health. As to you," he added, addressing Lapierre, "take care." He withdrew.

The two looked at him as he went away.

"Take care!" repeated Lapierre, ironically; "what say you to that, Master Allan? The young cock crows loud; one would say that he feels his extraction. As to taking care, it is always a good plan."

Didier had taken, without knowing it, the direction of the garden. He found himself soon in the midst of high elms that grew perpendicularly, and formed the inevitable classic labyrinths of the gardens of the eighteenth century. From time to time some statues of white marble showed themselves through the branches that felt already the approaches of winter. Didier threw over the whole an inattentive gaze. Involuntarily his spirit returned to the thoughts which had preoccupied his awaking. As happens often to minds quick and poetic, it was enough for him to evoke the illusion, and it rushed back. These great walls of living verdure brought to him old remembrances, as from some former life. When he found himself in these labyrinths, he resolved to make a recollection that seemed to come over him as Ariadne's thread to guide him.

"Let us see," he said, in a tone half in jest, half in earnest—"let us see if I deceive myself; if I remember, or if I am befooling myself. My memory or my imagination tells me that at the end of this alley, to the right, there is an arbor, and in that arbor a statue of an antique nymph. Let us see!"

He held on his way, impatient and disquieted; for the illusion had deepened, and he was fearing some deception in it. Some paces from the place where the elm walk made a turn, he stopped and looked through the branches. He turned pale, with his hand on his heart, and let a cry escape him. Arbor and statue were there before his eyes. Only at the cry which he uttered, the statue, a charming nymph, clothed in white, started quickly, and turned towards him.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNDER THE ELMS.

The dreamy illusion fled utterly. In the wager which Didier had laid against himself, he had bet that there would be an arbor and a statue. The arbor was there sure enough, but what he had just taken for a statue was a charming young lady in flesh and blood, Miss Alice de Vannoy de Tremlays. The mistake was very excusable. At the moment when Didier had looked, Miss de Vannoy had her back toward him. She was standing, and immovable, in the centre of the arbor, reading a letter much rumpled, and doubtless very often read, which she had just taken from her bosom. Her beautiful black hair had, this morning, some powder; a robe of white muslin formed all her toilet.

At the cry uttered by Didier, she turned, as we have said, and the paper she was reading escaped from her trembling hand. Her first impulse was to flee, but reflection retained her. She even made a step towards the turning, where, in all likelihood Didier was about to make his appearance. She had recognised his voice. Miss de Vannoy had on her visage that paleness which a sleepless night produces. Her look, usually firm, yet sweet, was sad, timid, grave. Didier advanced to her with an embarrassed air. To regain his calmness, he bowed, and lifted the letter which Alice had let fall. This letter was from him. He recognized it, and his uneasiness increased at the same time that it communicated itself to his companion, whose cheeks blushed crimson.

"It is the letter which you thought fit to write me, to announce your departure," she murmured, in so low a tone that Didier could scarcely hear her. "I am happy it has fallen into your hands, for you will keep it, sir."

These words might seem very simple; very insignificant; but who knows not, between those who love or are loved, that the mere words are nothing? In speaking thus, Alice kept her eyes down; her sweet mouth was compressed, as if to restrain a plaint.—There was in her voice an overcoming love, combatted by a resignation strong, yet not strong enough. Didier looked at her with respect, regret and tenderness, for grief loftily borne inspires respect, and one often regrets at loving no longer, when love has fled through inconstancy, not through weariness; it is a sentiment affectionate, delicate, devoted, that survives, in every noble soul, the extinguished passion. Besides, did Didier know thoroughly what was in the depths of his own heart? In the presence of this woman so beautiful, could he be sure that he loved her not? In this age of which we write, to love two women seemed a venial sin, if not a meritorious act. Assuredly Didier did not at all in this belong to his age. His character frank and loyal, repelled every idea of deceit; but then he was but twenty-five, and the heart is so large at that age!—He took the hand of Alice, which he carried gallantly to his lips.

"What I wrote then," said he, "I feel forever. Is it then you who have changed Alice?"

"I!" replied she with lively surprise. "No! It is not I who have changed, sir."

It was Didier's turn to lower his eyes.

"Hear me," said the young lady, whose pale brow was illumed by a sad smile. "It is better thus. Those loves of ours were silly things, Didier. When I found you yesterday cold, indifferent, oblivious, I thanked God, for your forgetfulness is a happiness for us both."

"I do not comprehend you," stammered the captain; "this pretended forgetfulness—"

"It is real, thoroughly real. I wish it; I hope it."

"You hope it, Alice?" said the young man, bitterly.

"Yes," repeated Miss de Vannoy, whose heart was breaking, but who kept her smile, "I hope it."

If she had spoken thus, designedly, and with a coquettish aim, we must have awarded her the possession of supreme skill. Her words, in fact, went to the very depth of Didier's heart, and lit up there what remained of the ashes of a love almost extinguished. He lifted his eyes, sparkling with impatience, and interrogated the young lady with his look. This look was full of vexation, of disappointment, of hope; the look of a lover. But Miss de Vannoy, who could be a coquette on occasions, as can every daughter of Eve, did not in the least think of playing that character just then.

"That paper contains many follies," she continued, pointing to the letter which he held still in his hand. "We were two children. The time for all that has passed. Do not interrupt me, Didier. I know what you are going to say. The sight of me caused to vibrate within you a string that has been silent for long. You are moved, and taking your emotion for love, you are ready to renew your former vows. For my part, I cannot and I will not hear them."

"But, Alice, in the name of God, believe me; my heart is not changed."

"There is a lovely young girl," interrupted Miss de Vannoy, whose voice trembled slightly. "Her look as pure as the look of an angel. She is sixteen. She loves you; if you loved her not, the poor child would be most unhappy."

Alice stopped, breathing with difficulty. The captain crushed the letter with vexation.

"But you do love her," Alice went on; "you do love her; is it not so?"

"Who?" said Didier feebly, beginning to comprehend.

"Her name is on your lip as it is in your heart. So much the better; I am satisfied."

"I know not whence comes this suspicion of yours."

"No suspicion. There is, do you see, a kind of sisterhood among us girls of the forest. I am noble and rich; she a peasant girl and poor; but, when children, we met often in the woods. We have played together, in days gone by, like two sisters, under the grand oaks that protect our Lady of Mid-Forest. It was I who tamed her, the little savage. Afterward, whilst she remained in solitude, I made acquaintance with the world; whilst she was running free, under the boughs, I was learning my duties as a noble lady; I was learning to wear silks and satins, to speak, to be silent, to smile. Strange destiny! She in her solitude, I at the sumptuous feasts of Rennes—we have undergone, we two, the same fate; she has given her heart to a man whom I—whom I thought I loved."

"You love me not, then, Alice?"

"What matters it? We shall speak no more about me. One day, it was two months after you left, I was walking alone in the forest, thinking of the splendid banquets of the Count of Toulouse, when I heard a well-known voice singing under the leafage the wail of Arthur of Brittany."

"Broom-Blossom!" stammered the captain.

Alice started sadly.

"Broom-Blossom," repeated she. "You know at last of whom I speak. It was long since I had seen her. How lovely I found her. She knew me at once, and ran to me with open arms. Then she took from her honey-suckle basket a beautiful bouquet of primroses which she fixed on my breast. Afterwards she spoke to me of you."

"Of me," said Didier.

"She did not name you, but I recognized you. I was still a fool at that time. I felt my heart ceasing to beat."

The captain put forth his hand timidly to take that of Alice.

"Alas, lady, I have acted very badly towards you; towards both of you, it may be."

"Towards her alone, sir, if you say one word more. Forget not that you love her; forget not that she loves you."

"But you, Alice?"

There was no silencing in this question, which broke from his heart.

"I?—oh, I will tell you immediately of the brilliant destiny they propose for me. One word more about her. Do you mean to marry her?"

Didier, it is certain, had never put this question to himself. He knew not what to answer. Miss de Vannoy frowned slightly with her black and delicate eyebrows.

"You mean to marry her," she continued, with a grave voice. "This ought to be your desire, and it is your duty. She is poor, and you have your sword. You are not of those whom their birth enchains."

In uttering these last words, she had succeeded in laying aside every expression of sadness; and spoke with a tone of firm conviction.

"I am not nobly born," replied the captain; "I am aware of it. Perhaps it was not necessary to remind me of the distance that separates us. But do not plead Marie's cause, Alice; for my heart is weak, and when I see you so noble, so generous!"

The captain's heart became more and more embarrassing. He detected love, a love powerful and full of life, through Miss de Vannoy's coldness; but she disavowed this affection, and seemed to wish to entrench herself behind the difference of their social positions. Too strong-minded, too proud to permit pity, she took the first step; it was she who pronounced the words of rupture. On the other side, on the side of the forest beauty, the remembrance of Marie pleaded eloquently. Didier saw her sweet smile behind the haughty smile of Alice. Perhaps he would have therefore remained cold before Alice in tears; but Alice demanding favor for Marie! The human soul is feeble against such surprises.

"No," said he, after some silence, "you have not forgotten, Alice. It is impossible."

This expression was too true not to go to Miss de Vannoy's heart. But he could not read her heart in her face, for her face obeyed her vigorous will.

"Do you need proofs," demanded she, repressing by a powerful effort the emotion which was bringing tears to her eyes. "Didier, if I loved you still, I would not be near you. Since it is necessary to speak clearly, sir, I have the weaknesses and prejudices of my caste. I am a Vannoy of Tremlays; I would never endure it that my husband, if ever I marry, should impose on me a name less illustrious than my father's. But let us forever dismiss this subject; let us converse like old friends who see each other after a long absence. Do you not know? My father wishes me to marry. But I will never wed the man he proposes. It is the Marquis of Nointal."

Didier broke out laughing. As if there had been an echo under the elms, another laugh, loud and blustering, resounded from some twenty steps off.

"There they are," cried the lady. "I have not had time to tell you half I have to say to you. We must see each other again, Didier."

She fled precipitately, leaving the captain stunned by this sudden disappearance.

"Does she love me still?" said he. As for Miss Alice, so soon as she was alone, tears poured from her eyes.

"My God! my God!" she murmured; "shall I love him then for ever?"

The outburst of laughter was repeated under the elms. The noise of voices was added, and soon, at the turn of the alley, came forth Vannoy and the Marquis. They seemed in the best humor. They advanced with eagerness to Didier, who had difficulty in keeping an unembarrassed countenance.

"We come here, my dear guest," said Vannoy, "guided by your bursts of laughter. Does a walk all alone make you so merry?"

"Did I laugh?" demanded Didier, mechanically.

"Yes, you laughed," said Bechameil. "I have the honor to bid you good-morning."

Didier saluted the comptroller royal, replying in some usual form of polite words. The Marquis had completely laid aside his ill nature of the evening before. Vannoy had given him to understand that he had nothing to fear from such a rival, and that he might be sure of the hand of Alice. As to Vannoy, his mask of good humor and kindness was skillfully worn. He looked like an uncle accosting a beloved nephew.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, whose coldness contrasted strongly with the cordiality of his host, "will you be pleased to talk with me now of that which relates to his majesty's service?"

"Assuredly," responded Vannoy.

"Go on; we listen to you most attentively," said the Marquis; "only, before going into business, I would prefer to have had my breakfast." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

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The following article was omitted in the "Post" of last week. It should have preceded the article upon the Richmond prisoners: both having been taken from the Sanitary Commission Bulletin, issued Nov. 1st:—

The U. S Sanitary Commission have long felt the need of some direct method of communication with their wide-spread constituency. Those who furnish the money and the supplies, by which our extensive ministry to the sick and wounded is maintained, have a right to more frequent and full accounts of what becomes of their charity than we have hitherto been able to give them. It is true, we have published a large number of documents containing this information, and distributed them widely; but they have necessarily lacked the freshness and the personal details which a less compendious and less formal account of our current operations would possess. A thousand intensely interesting particulars reach our several offices at Washington, Louisville and New York, which we are anxious should come to the knowledge of the people; and we propose in the Bulletin to collect and report these pungent details fresh from the lips of our agents in the field and the hospital.

It is high time that an interest, now so rooted and grounded in its own methods as the U. S. Sanitary Commission, should possess an independent organ for the expression of its matured opinions in regard to the only safe and wise means of applying the gifts of the people to the relief of the Army. After all the careful discussion which the subject has received, there is constant danger of falling back into slovenly, wasteful, and injurious ways of supplying the wants of the soldiers. Only the most persistent and strenuous resistance to an impulsive benevolence, the most earnest and obstinate defence of a guarded and methodized system of relief, can save the public from imposition, and the Army from demoralization.

It is necessary, moreover, that the interest of the women of the country should be quickened anew in the work they have undertaken. We have warned them from the first that they were enlisted for the war; that their industry and *self sacrifice* would be taxed to the utmost. There is no longer novelty or artificial excitement to sustain their activity. Only a steady principle of patriotic humanity can be depended on for continued labors in this holy cause. Thank God, there are thousands of noble women connected with our work, who for more than two years have given their best thoughts, and hours, and labor to the enterprise. Their zeal has outlived all superficial excitements. They go to their work, as the soldier goes to the front, or digs in the trench, or advances on the works of the enemy. It is their duty and their business while the war lasts. But ten thousand such noble women are not enough. They must be supported by a hundred thousand; yes, five hundred thousand other women of similar views and feelings, before our supplies can be accumulated in adequate quantities. Our machinery is in admirable order—our central reservoirs of supplies perfectly adapted to their purpose. It is only necessary that, with the opening winter, every village Sewing Circle, or Soldiers' Relief Society, or Church, or Dorcas Association, should set itself about a systematic contribution of supplies to the Central Associations at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, or Louisville. This done, everything needed in the way of supplies can be easily and readily procured.—If there is a jealous scattering of these resources, a little here and a little there, there will be a dreadful waste, and a melancholy abuse of the well-established principle of unity and economy.

We purpose to make the Bulletin the place where all information necessary to soldiers or to soldiers' families is to be found. Who are entitled to bounties and pensions, and how to procure them at the least expense, and with the most certainty; how furloughs are obtained; how our prisoners of war in the enemies' hands may be communicated with: how to get convalescents or sick men home; everything about the burial of the dead; these and similar questions will be carefully and reliably answered in our columns. The Bulletin will be extensively circulated in the Army. It will also be sent to all our associate members—to all subscribers or donors to our funds—to every sewing circle contributing to our supplies—to such clergymen as apply for it for purposes of guiding their efforts—and to such other persons as we think fitted to use profitably, for the benefit of our sick and wounded, the information it contains.

It will gratify our friends at Hillsgrove and Mansfield to know that the firkins of butter sent by them have been forwarded to the Richmond prisoners. Also the keg of pickles from Bedford. Any of our contributing societies desiring to forward clothing or edibles to these sufferers, who lost their liberty in driving the invader from our own state, can rely upon their being speedily and safely forwarded through our agency. What do we not owe these men, who, with their brave comrades, secured to us the peaceful enjoyment of our firesides? But for them would have been laid desolate the fields from which we have gathered in such abundant crops, while they have been dying by inches in the squalid Richmond prisons for want of the barest necessaries of life. We owe them a debt that we can never repay.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, Nov. 16th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, 1 pkg., Miss E. H. Haven, Sec'y; Miss Rebecca Harlan, 1 pkg.; Aid Society, Hillsgrove, Sullivan co., 1 box, 1 keg; School Lane Circle, 1 pkg, Mrs. W. S. Johnson, Sec'y; St. Thomas Auxiliary, 1 pkg., Mrs. Thomas Dorsey, Trea.; Soldiers' Aid, Laporte, Sullivan co., 1 box, Mrs. M. M. Sayre, Sec'y; Union Aid, Neff, Lehigh co., 1 box; A Friend, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Rhea Barton, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Pittston, Luzerne co., 1 box, N. T. Robertson, Sec'y; Aid Society, Porter township, Clinton co., 1 box, Mrs. R. B. Brown, Sec'y; Mrs. Hopkins, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Dr. Brainard's church, 2 pkgs., Mrs. F. C. Farr, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, Bedford co., 2 boxes, M. F. Barclay, Sec'y; Mrs. Sarah J. Stapler, Dolington, Bucks co., 1 pkg.; Miss Annie De Witt, Pittston, Luzerne co., 1 pkg.; Mr. John Wetherill, 2 pkgs.; St. Paul's church, Chestnut Hill, 1 pkg., M. H. Taylor, Sec'y; a lady, 1 pkg.; Women Contr. Aid and Industrial Branch, U. S. C., 1 pkg; A Friend, clothing.

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without;
A world of strife shut out;
A world of love shut in.

—*Dora Greenwell.*

☞ When American ice was first introduced into the East Indies, the natives, if they took a lump in their hands, would let it drop, declaring *it burnt their fingers.*

☞ Be pure but not stern; have moral excellencies, but don't bristle with them.

☞ "Bad day for the race," said Joe, as he puffed away from the effects of the heat. "What race?" inquisitively asked his sporting friends. "The human race," pathetically responded Joe.

☞ We nearly always talk of a thing before we do it; every action, like a statue, is first modelled in the poor wax of words.

A NEW MAGAZINE,
FOR THE LADIES.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The subscribers would beg leave to call the attention of their friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE which they are about to issue, and the January number of which is nearly ready. The name will be

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

and it will be devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions. It will also contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department, of the following

UNRIVALLED CORPS OF WRITERS:

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and other talented writers.

HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention. The January number will contain a beautiful Steel Engraving, *designed expressly for this Magazine by Schussele*, and called

GABRIEL WILKIE'S RETURN.

This handsome Steel Plate illustrates a story of love, war, and a broken engagement, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, and will be of itself, we trust, worth the price of the number.

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We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
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8 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	12.00
20 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	28.00
One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST,	3.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

☞ The matter in THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be different from that in THE POST.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ A lady at Baden Baden, of 35 years, pretended to bet on her age, but placed her money on No. 27. Fortune, however, played her a malicious prank, for the number that won was 35!

☞ "Man," said Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—which paper is now in its *Forty-third Year!*—would simply announce in their Prospectus for 1864, that they design maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER!

They have reason to believe that the stories of MRS. WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c.; MISS BRADDON, author of "Eleanor's Victory," &c.; MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," &c.; MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, and numerous other excellent writers, have been generally regarded as possessing the greatest merit and the most absorbing interest; and they design procuring for THE POST in the future as in the past, the best *Stories, Sketches*, and other *Literary Novelties* which they can possibly obtain. They intend con-

mend called for help agin.January

No one could hear me save those
ers. At last I sank on a seat, and
calm from exhaustion.
y slowly the hours passed. I sat
ing the wide space between the il-
door and the floor, expecting every
nt to see the red, dull glare of fire
h it; but the gray dawn stole into the
and still I saw no sign of the threat-
onflagration. I was unharmed; only
ted by want of rest, want of food,
at most horrible expectation.
light grew, and there was still no
ible fire. I began to hope that the
had gone out;—that I was safe. Alas!
leceived. The house had ignited long
t the old damp wood smouldered
By-and-by, when it was again near
g, I saw the red gleam I had so feared
threshold, and I heard the rush and
of the flames. A few moments, and
or would catch, and I must perish.
nore I rushed to the still open case-
and looked out.
ld I spring at the peril of my life to
randa?" There was nothing else
me, and I was preparing to take a
at might have been fatal, when a
alled to me from below.
, stop, Jane! Wait, I will save you!"
I saw Kate Deloraine mounting a
ladder placed against the veranda.
ched her breathlessly. She ascended
se, drew it up after her, and raised
e window. I was out and on it, in a
t; I can scarcely tell how the descent
hieved, but I stood in safety at the
clasping Kate's hand.

fied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, (and one to getter-up of club,)	12.00
20 copies, (and one to getter-up of club,)	28.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	3.00

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ Three million pairs of metal tips are annually applied to the toes of children's shoes. It is claimed that one pair will out-wear three without tips, this would make an annual saving of nearly six million dollars to those that use them, an important item at the present time. An acquaintance who has three children, informs us that since he commenced buying metal-tipped shoes (one year ago) he has saved the price of new boots for himself.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

☞ A TALL WOMAN.—A girl of seventeen, accompanied by her mother, reached Boston last Saturday from the backwoods of Maine, on her way to New York, where she has been engaged to exhibit by Barnum at $5 a day, and expenses paid. The girl is 7 feet and 3 inches high, weighs 200 pounds and the length of her hand from the tip of the finger to the wrist bone is 13 inches. The girl, being unused to society, did not relish the sight of so many people, and would have returned home had she not been under contract.

☞ With the most ardent natures it is either love or hate; there is no twilight in the tropics.